

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The war which has broken out among our poets and critics will serve an excellent purpose if it shall demonstrate that we are possessed of either poets or critics. Hitherto the existence of poets in Canada has been attested to solely by alleged critics; and the presence of critics of discernment has been certified to only by those so-called poets whose productions have been praised. Now that a division has occurred we may hope that a survey of the battle-field a little later on will disclose the real status of the contestants—showing whether they were really poets or really critics, or were merely made to seem such through a careful system of inter-friendly traffic. Already Mr. Campbell has shown that one critic appealed to him for information as to his work, of which he confessed complete lack of knowledge, and, not getting it, described him as a "rhetorician rather than a poet." He has shown that another critic after condemning Mr. Campbell's latest work, Mordred and Hildebrand, and discriminating with a tone of exact knowledge between the two tragedies contained in it, was compelled to admit: "Peccavi! I have not seen the volume." These are the first casualties of a campaign that promises many fatalities, and Messrs. Miller and Pollock are slain as critics. *Peccavi!* They, so to speak, have peccavied too long, eulogizing acquaintances and slating the unread work of strangers. If a man honestly deceives himself into the belief that he possesses literary discernment it may chance that we can still respect his morals if not his mind; but when a reviewer esteems himself a mere space-filler, irresponsible alike to literature and the public, he merits contempt. Criticism has become a mere sham and every literary man in America knows it very well. A "poet," going over his scrap-book, knows what kind friend managed to get this eulogium into print and what adversary activated that attack. He knows that since he first began to pose as a poetical genius he has had to watch and pray—watch those who would condemn him, pray to those who could befriend him. At first a kindly notice would occasionally appear, which he, regarding as a spontaneous tribute to his talent, would value and nurse, only to be taken by the sleeve some day and informed by a friend that he it was who engineered the notice. The easy acquiescence of the press in the verdicts passed by a few reviewers who are in reality not critics but advertising agents, has made all reviewing futile. With ready compliance the press will publish paragraphs about poets and writers which the latter do not hesitate to supply for publication, so that press opinion carries no weight. There never was a time when poets were so widely advertised for so little cause; so constantly discussed and so little read. People read of them, but do not read them. And the reason is perhaps found in the fact that never before has there been so much reviewing and so little criticism. Printed opinions of books have become almost valueless, for usually the reviewer has neither conscience nor capacity for his task. He has friends to serve, enemies to curse. If our "poets" believed what their parasites print of them, they would, through vanity, explode. Their reputations are gross infatuations. They are famous in newspaper offices—unread in the home. What evidence is there that we have a real poet in Canada? So tinged with suspicion is the whole system of poet-manufacture, that before we respect William Dean Howells' verdict in regard to Mr. Lampman we feel called upon to ask if the two gentlemen had met before the eulogistic remark was made. In regard to the praise which certain English papers have bestowed upon Messrs. Carman and Roberts, we feel like asking how much Mr. Douglas Sladen, who fished with them in New Brunswick, had to do with it. So much influence does personal magnetism exert in criticism that we are disposed to wish that we could trace out the Chicago editor who passed so high a eulogium upon Mr. Campbell's best poem, *The Mother*, so that we could get at the impulse that moved him to testify. Mr. Howells may have been sincere and not merely polite; Mr. Sladen may have been sincere and not merely prodigal of his gratitude; the Chicago editor may have been sincere and not merely courteous to a friend's friend; but as I have said, the whole system whereby raw specimens of humanity are turned into ethereal poets and their twaddle hailed as divine, is so well organized and has so little to do with genius that we are apt to accept nothing in good faith.

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This war will almost indubitably prove that we have no critics in America positioned to be influential if honest. If it leaves us possessed of a poet and convinced that we possess one, it will have been a beneficial war. That we have men somewhat facile in turning phrases and fine rhymes, men familiar with the names of the gods of mythology and expert in fashioning verse of approved modern linear dimensions—this we know. Yet what have these men sung that had remained voiceless and pent in the human soul until their day? What have they said that needed the saying or that, unsaid, would have been missed? Have they produced verse superior to that of the forgotten English poets of last century and the first half of this? Go through the old calf-bound books long out of print and see if you cannot find traces of nameless poets who lived and sang and quarreled and vanished, nothing enduring save the clever epigrams in which they proved one another to be fools. Garrick is forgotten save by a very few who hold to him because of his act-

ing, yet as a verse-maker he was considered clever in his day, and his forgotten verse will compare with what our own poets are producing. Gay and Prior were regarded as immortals, and when Burnet in his historical work uses the words "One Prior" in referring to the poet, someone published this epigram:

"One Prior!" and is this—all the fame  
The Poet from the Historian can claim?  
No! Prior's verse posterity shall quote  
When it forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

Posterity is not to any very large extent bothering its head about either poet or historian, yet are any of our Canadian poets producing verse superior to Prior's? The epigram

for the magazines. There is too much labor in carving upon rock; they prefer to make traceries on the surface of the newly fallen snow and upon the sands at Grand Pre.

Why do not our publishers shut off the gurgling stream of trivial verse that issues from the presses to day and, going back to the last century, revive the simpler, more witty and thoughtful poetry that the world of to-day is unfamiliar with? We have a *Nineteenth Century* and a *Twentieth Century*; why not *The Eighteenth Century* or *The Antiquarian*? This is the magazine necessity of the age. The obsolete poems

drink deep draughts. The process of thinking having been lost in abundance of reading and stress of writing, the best that can now be done is to read those poems, stories and essays written while men yet held to the habit of thinking.

By the way, it is no new thing for a poet to be charged with plagiarism, and the following, copied from an old book, will show that Mr. Carman is not alone:

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;  
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes;  
And yet in this no vanity is shown;  
A modest man may like what's not his own.

years, open to citizens of the Mother Country and the Colonies, is a good one and we may live to see it inaugurated. It is in line with British sentiment and taste. Contests in shooting, rowing, sailing, running, jumping, boxing, football, cricket, lacrosse, baseball, bicycling, swordsmanship, tennis, bowling, and what not, could be held, carrying with them the championships of the Empire for five years. Such tournaments would not only develop sports, but, more important in these later days, would serve to introduce the various peoples of the Empire to each other. The interests of government and of trade would be served.

That we have not gone too far in honoring Private Hayhurst is well known to those who can recall the demonstrations made in Scotland and England in previous years in favor of previous winners of the first place at Bisley. Since the Queen's Prize was first shot for thirty-five years ago, no Canadian has ever before won it, and I doubt if Canada has gone far enough in honor of the man who first carried our colors to the front—not far enough, while he is deprived of any part of the cash prize which his shooting won. Had he lived at an earlier day he would have fared better. While the long bow and the cloth-yard shaft occupied the place now filled by the rifle as the British weapon, the contests in archery were of the keenest and the rewards of championship were very high. Henry VIII, in his youth, was an expert archer and entered the lists against the best in the kingdom. He instituted the practice of conferring titles upon the champion bowmen, and so late as in the reign of Charles II, although the long bow had given way to the arquebus in war, we find that the titles of Duke of Shoreditch and Marquis of Islington were conferred upon the most skilled marksman in a great contest. Therefore it would appear that what we have done for Private Hayhurst is a mere trifling, for if he were to receive the reward that precedent entitles him to he would be called before his gracious sovereign and raised to the peerage as Duke of Hamilton and Marquis of Dundas.

In our issue of two weeks ago appeared an article treating of the art department of the coming Industrial Exhibition, and therein it was stated that the most important painting on the walls would be the one entitled *Breaking Home Ties* by the American artist, Mr. Thomas Hovenden. This painting attracted more attention than any other at the World's Fair, crowds gazing upon it constantly. And now press despatches tell us that Mr. Hovenden, creator of this great painting, met a sudden death on Wednesday evening while heroically attempting to save the life of a child. Mr. Hovenden had a summer residence near Norristown, Pennsylvania, and while returning to his home found it necessary to cross a railroad track in transferring from one trolley system to another. A little girl ran a few feet ahead of him and did not observe a locomotive rushing towards her. The artist, jumping forward, seized her in his arms, but instead of saving her life sacrificed his own, for both were instantly killed. His desperate attempt at a rescue adds another to the list of those swift, unpremeditated deeds of heroism which prove that human nature is not altogether selfish. To his famous painting there will now attach a melancholy interest, and the tens of thousands who will gaze upon it during the Industrial Exhibition will be moved to grief for the brave old man who died so nobly the other day. The picture will possess a new meaning; its pathos will acquire a new depth. Into his masterpiece many of us will feel that the disembodied soul of the artist has been merged, and I hope that the people of Toronto who love the beautiful, worship the good and admire the heroic, will wreath his picture during its presence in the city (for it is his monument) with garlands of white flowers every day.

Ten Presbyterian missionaries sailed from San Francisco for China on Wednesday, and five representatives of the same denomination left Toronto the other day for the same country. While the spiritual consecration of these missionaries commands the admiration of all men worthy the name, yet the worldly wisdom of sending missionaries to China is open to doubt. The Chinaman is not an ordinary savage who by one method and another can be diverted from violence until he has learned that the missionary means to be his best friend. The simple barbarism of a cannibal island may be more easily overthrown than the heathen civilization of China, with its prejudices twenty centuries old. Its teeming and misgoverned population may break into riot at any time, and there is no guarantee of safety anywhere in the interior. The sending of peaceful missionaries into such a country as China, men who believe not in a country nor are prepared to shed blood even in self-defence, is calculated to encourage a misapprehension regarding the Anglo-Saxon race in the minds of the Wang-Hangs and Weak-Lungs who so thickly crowd that country. This misapprehension is sure to cost China dear in the end, and it might almost be charitable to remove it now. The Chinese mob knows that the missionary teaches a creed that forbids blows; the mob has seen the good man set up no defence but prayer when slaughterers fell upon him and hacked him to pieces. They judge white men as they see them. They do not know that in the Western World, whence these missionaries come, preachers are hired to practice the virtues of a creed that we have found incompatible with politics and the interests of trade; that while our creed de-



A LAST LOOK.  
From Painting by Mrs. Louise Jopling, in English Royal Academy.

is interesting as showing that the importance of posterity to a poet was as keenly recognized away back in the last century as it was on the recent day when Mr. Carman wrote his discreet little letter to Mr. Campbell reminding him that posterity would forget his adverse critics. Shenstone, Lyttelton, Congreve, Clibber, and the host of others whose names I forget and whose works never confront me in any book-store, all produced admirable poetry so far as can be ascertained, yet they are forgotten. Even the smart doggerel of Dean Swift is unknown to all but one in a thousand. We see what posterity—the posterity in whose hearts these poets hoped to live—is doing for these men. Yet poets advise each other to write for posterity. In times past men used to think: to day men read instead. The starting of such a magazine as *The Antiquarian* would in this age of no-thought open a fountain whereto the rapid and chattering people of this day could

and stories of forgotten yet talented writers could be revived and published with the best modern illustrations, the costumes and atmosphere of the last century being preserved. Pope could contribute, and Cowper, and Dr. Swift, and Peter Pindar, and Goldsmith, and all the giants and all the pygmies who slashed and hammered out epigrams and epilogues. What an attractive table of contents the editor could draw up! A lyric by Thomas Moore, Esq., a sonnet by Robert Burns, an essay by Addison. It is a wonderful mine. It is a duty owed by this age of easy printing, to the ages of expensive and laborious printing, and to the men who trusted to posterity for the recognition which unreading generations could not afford them. In times past men used to think: to day men read instead. The starting of such a magazine as *The Antiquarian* would in this age of no-thought open a fountain whereto the rapid and chattering people of this day could

No doubt there are some who think that the demonstration made in favor of Private Hayhurst is all nonsense, but it is well that such people are not too numerous. The man who can win the highest prize at Bisley against the sharp shooters of the Empire is entitled to a welcome, not only because he had the coolness of temperament, the fineness of sight and the delicacy of touch necessary to shoot as he did, but because he has given Canada an advertisement all around the world such as we have not had since Hanlan proved himself a marvel among oarsmen. The English-speaking race inclines to open-air sports, and to the exercise of nerves, senses and muscles which is gained in sporting contests is due in large measure that vigorous manhood which has placed the race perhaps a little ahead of all others in the world's affairs. The proposal made by one of the local papers that a great sporting tournament should be held in England every five

mands peace on earth and the turning of the other cheek to an assailant, this article of faith has no literal meaning in Christendom, and that we have armies so organized and equipped that we could reduce China in a year into a silent kingdom of skulls. Stanley claims that he averted much bloodshed on his journey through Africa by the prompt and accurate use of his revolver upon assassins who had shoved knives through missionaries empanopied in golden texts, and so I think it the duty of the Western World to make a demonstration that will relieve the Chinese mind of the idea that all white men are missionaries who may be hacked to pieces as they please. If ten battalions of soldiers and five men-of-war had gone from America instead of ten missionaries from San Francisco and five from Toronto, and if these forces had been joined by ships of transport and line-of-battle ships from Portsmouth, the Chinese mind might have more suddenly been relieved of error than it will be. An army of one hundred thousand men marching through China without killing a solitary heathen would advance the civilization of the empire one hundred years at a bound. And then the missionaries could be set to work. MACK.

#### Our New Building.

SATURDAY NIGHT's fine new building on Adelaide street west is being put up as rapidly as it is possible to construct so substantial and handsome a structure, and will soon be ready for occupancy. The Adelaide street front will have rounded corners on the five upper stories, an architectural effect that is practically new in Toronto and which should be very pleasing to the eye. The new Court House and City Hall on Queen street will, when completed, considerably alter the center of legal and municipal business, and Adelaide west will become the very core of the city's activity, half-way between the new public buildings and the postoffice, Toronto street and King. It is to be hoped that all new buildings in the district mentioned will be of a character in keeping with the new importance of the locality. The Foresters' Temple, corner of Bay and Richmond, will be a splendid addition to the streets on which it fronts, and the other new buildings which have gone up or are under contemplation on Adelaide west evidence the public faith that this bit of street between Yonge and Bay will soon be the key to the situation. This paper has faith in the street, in the city and in the future, and is putting up a building that will last and not look out of place when the big developments which our shrewdest citizens confidently look forward to shall have come to pass. A six-story building on a four-story street may seem rather tall at first, but Adelaide is going to be a six-story street in the very near future. The day of squat buildings is about over in Toronto. The importance of a central location is made daily apparent to many business men. It was this confidence in to-morrow and this knowledge of to-day that decided the proprietors of this paper to put up a respectable building when they were about it—of a size which, modesty compels us to admit, SATURDAY NIGHT cannot by any means fully occupy, so that there will be floors and offices for rental to agreeable housemates.

#### Money Matters.

The general manager of the Bank of Montreal has recently returned home from England. In an interview a few days ago he stated that in London money was "a drug on the market." This sums up the situation there. Vast supplies of money have accumulated in London and in other European financial centers for which there appears to be no possible employment, in the near future at least, and the chances for getting it into use even within a lengthened period are remote. The same state of affairs obtains in the principal financial centers in the United States. Never in the history of that country has money been so cheap for such a long period. The reasons for low rates of money are found in the more conservative spirit influencing the mercantile world, the steady increase in the use of the clearing system, cheques and bills of exchange. Enormous losses of capital followed the era of wild-cat South American speculation, and the inevitable collapse followed in the wake of the business inflation in the United States. Beginning with 1892 in Europe, and 1893 in the United States, cautiousness in a more or less degree has characterized business dealings. Wild-cat enterprises have received no attention and less capital has been put into use. In the enlarged use of clearing houses, cheques, bills of exchange, etc., it is at once seen that currency is economized. The future cannot be clearly looked into, but from the drift of things I am led to believe that cheap money for a long period is to be expected.

In Canada the promise of good business is encouraging. The crops in eastern Canada are as a general rule above an average, and in Manitoba, according to the official report just issued by the Government of that province, the yield will be phenomenal. A crop of 29,000,000 bushels of wheat and a crop of 57,000,000 bushels of all kinds of grain is looked for. This is a great record for the Prairie Province. The effect of a large crop up there cannot fail to stimulate business of all kinds in the eastern provinces.

I have been a consistent friend to Commercial Cable stock from the time it sold at low figures in the spring. I was sure then that an advance was about to set in, as the stock was dirt-cheap. Two weeks ago I stated that when the advance began again we would likely have a sharp burst. It then sold at 158 and has since sold to 165, an advance of 7 points in two weeks. Later it sold off to 163. I advise buying it for good profits anywhere under 165. It will go up ten points by the end of the year.

Postal telegraph stock is inactive. I think it is about high enough at present, though toward the end of the year I shouldn't be surprised to see it move up again. From all that I can gather I should say it is in strong hands and is not likely to go down much.

Toronto railway stock has been weaker lately. It is quoted as low as 83. If it should go down to say 81 or 80, it will make money for the buyer.

An evidence of how cheap money affects gilt-

edged securities may be seen in sales of bonds. British consols bearing 2½ per cent. are selling over 107, and Brooklyn, N.Y., 4 per cent. bonds have lately sold at 111. E.S.A.U.

#### Social and Personal.

Mr. and the Misses Sanders of Nassau, B.L., were guests at the Athletic Club five o'clock on Wednesday. These pleasant people came to Toronto in May and are residing on Jarvis street.

Mrs. Williams of Bishop Ridley College, St. Kits, with her little ones, is visiting her mother, Mrs. MacMahon of Gloucester street. Mrs. Williams was married one Christmas morning, and by her bright and happy appearance illustrates that proverb which declares, "The better the day the better the deed."

Mrs. Mittleberger and Mrs. (General) Sooy-Smith of Chicago spent a couple of days in town this week as the guests of Mrs. Towers.

Sir Frank Smith bought the Atherly horses, Fairy and Fly, and I hear the brougham has become the property of a charming hostess on St. George street.

Hon. Edward Blake sailed for Canada on Thursday.

The concert on Wednesday evening at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was a charming event. Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, who has been spending the summer in his native city, has seldom been heard to better advantage, and his voice seems only to increase in power and sweetness. Mr. George Fox, the Canadian violinist, greatly impressed

tournament week is going to be most active and includes a tennis cotillion, a minstrel show, a clam-bake, a concert, an illuminated procession of boats, as well as the customary dances. *The Lark*, which was a familiar and pleasant feature of the Canadian tournament, will again appear in enlarged form.

Miss Hemming, who has been summering at Sparrow Lake, Muskoka, has returned much restored in health, and has her studio at 16 St. Joseph street.

Mrs. and Miss Gibson of Grange avenue have returned from their summer holidays looking perfectly radiant with health.

Messrs. George Kimber and Harry Reburn of the City Treasury Department are spending their vacation at Muskoka.

Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice, Miss Daisy Smallpeice and Miss Eva Smallpeice of Avenue road are staying with Mrs. Clarence Wickson of Buffalo.

Mrs. Colin J. Stalker and son are visiting friends in Oakville.

Mr. W. L. Wallace of Yonge street is spending his holidays in Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. Pyne and their little boys went away for a few days' fishing on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass have been holidaying near Rosedale Point.

Grass-widowers, grass-bachelors and grassorphans are the various names mirthfully bestowed on the poor men whose female belongings are out of town. Neighboring hostesses take a kindly interest in them and invite them to breakfast, dinner and tea, pitying their forlornness and marveling greatly at their good spirits and fortitude. Perhaps if the truth were known, a little desertion is a pleasant change, and messieurs the fathers, husbands, brothers and sons quite revel in it.

Ald. Hallam has offered a ten dollar prize for the best poem setting forth the advantages of Island Park as a place of resort for the people—an offer which has moved a contributor to send us the following:

In some future age the poster man Will use his endeavors to find if he can Who created the Island and fastened it down In the mouth of the bay overlooking the town. Through long researches he'll get it down past, 'Twas John Hallam, or Bedlam, (or some name like that); He made it, and liked it, and lived it with trees, He bridged it and stocked it with birds, beasts and trees, Then made speeches on it that emptied its homes, And withered its verdure with Labor Day Poems.

Mrs. Curran of New York, sister-in-law of Canon Curran of Hamilton, has a set of pretty little oil paintings on view at Junor's, China Hall. The pictures represent different branches of the service in England. A spirited young Kiltie in the Davidson tartan, piping and stepping out in true Highland fashion, should be in the 48th Mess Room, if they own such an apartment. The Boots and Saddles and Kettledrums are very good, the minutest detail being carefully painted. A lancer on horseback and half a dozen other soldiers are in the series.

Ladies' day at the Athletic Club this week was a perfect afternoon; the lovely courts are a picture and the group on the balcony had a very sociable and pleasant time. Mrs. Leigh poured tea (and, by the way, the Club tea is very good indeed). During the afternoon Dr. Dickson of Bloor street came in to arrange for a reception to be given at the Club on September 4. Mesdames Walter S. Lee, Forsythe Grant, C. Nelson, J. Massey, Leigh and Denison promised to be hostesses on that occasion. This reception is for the visiting delegates to the American Therapeutic Association convention, an important body which was heretofore only convened in very large cities. Dr. Dickson, however, has induced them to favor Toronto this fall, and the privileges of the Athletic Club have been kindly proffered them on the evening of the fourth. A promenade concert, garden party and reception are on the *tapis*. The band of the 48th and an orchestra are to furnish music, and the convention reception committee have also arranged for dainty refreshments. No doubt a very pleasant evening is assured.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks are on a visit in Newport, and have been the guests of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, who since her return from England has been keeping open house and welcoming many Toronto friends to her seaside home.

Mr. Richard Lewis, father of Mrs. W. F. MacLean, died at his residence on Gloucester street last Tuesday. Mr. Lewis was a well known educationalist and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

This week we have a visit from the Chicago cricketers, those princes of good fellows, whose cordial reception of Canadian cricketers has set a standard of hospitality which few clubs will venture to emulate. When the Canadian team visited Chicago their hosts began a system of entertainment which could only be carried out by wealthy people, such as the Chicago cricketers. Each of these good people by turns took half a dozen of the visiting twelve for an evening's pleasure, dining them at their own homes, driving them to different places of amusement and seeing that they had the best species of a good time. While Toronto cannot hope to entertain the Chicago men in such princely style, they can appreciate their liberality and Toronto women can turn out en masse to smile upon the game this afternoon.

Mr. Gault returned from England on Wednesday, looking very well.

Miss Aileen Dawson is having a lovely visit at Cacouna as the guest of Mrs. Montzambert, who is at her summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jarvis are camping in Muskoka. Mrs. Jarvis and her little son have been there some weeks, but Mr. Jarvis has only joined them this week.

Mrs. J. J. Dickinson and Miss Dunning of Port Colborne left on Tuesday for Cacouna and the Saguenay.

The first International Golf Tournament to be held at Niagara on September 5, 6 and 7 is greatly interesting a large number of our smart people who are addicted to the royal and ancient game. Among the members of the committee in charge are three of the most prominent golfers in the United States: Charles B. Macdonald of Chicago, H. O. Tallmadge,

Secretary of the U. S. Golf Association, and Hobart Chatfield-Taylor of Chicago. The American golfers are coming up in large numbers and there is likely to be a corresponding gathering of Canadian crack. The ladies' event will bring together the fair golfers of both countries. I believe Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, President of the U. S. Golf Association and the New York Golf Club, intends bringing up a party of the Four Hundred by special car.

The rain somewhat marred the fine service at St. Andrew's on-the-Lake last Sunday. I hear the choir boys who went over for Evening-got quite a ducking.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron and her seaside party returned last week to Toronto after a delightful sojourn at Narragansett. Mrs. Cameron, Miss Hugel and Miss Connie Jarvis leave for Europe on September 2 for an extended tour.

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TORONTO

August 17, 1895

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

## Social and Personal.

The Hayhurst reception in the Armories on Tuesday noon was an interesting and enthusiastic affair certainly, and the parterre of pretty women in summer gowns who graced the west gallery gave a touch of smartness to the occasion. In the south gallery the Lieutenant-Governor and a crowd of officers, half a dozen ladies and some members of the City Council received the hero and his fellow-soldiers, who all bore themselves modestly and with a *soupeon* of amusement at the fuss, which was delightfully *ingenu* and refreshing. The crowd cheered the soldiers, the Queen, the Governor and others in hearty impartiality. His Honor wore the now distinguished gray tie, and Alderman Hallam was similarly decorated, much to the glee of the multitude, who greeted the perky gentleman with a fire of salutes and good-natured remarks. Miss Gunther was in the officers' gallery with her brother, the handsome captain of "H" Company, Q. O. R. Mr. Zealand, lately Miss Lampert, came down with Captain Zealand from Hamilton to meet the pride of the 13th Regiment. Private Hayhurst was presented to the dignitaries, officers and ladies, one of whom wished him a colonelcy, in the midst of a hearty laugh, in which the young man joined merrily. After the presentation a banquet and drive around the city were tendered by the officers and the Council. I missed His Worship's glossy tall hat from the City Hall galaxy, but presume he is more seriously engaged just now.

The Young Conservative Club, the junior organization of the Conservative party in the Toronto district, is said to be in a very flourishing condition and now numbers over five hundred in membership. The club has just won the sinews of war by large gains to the Toronto electoral voters' lists for the next Dominion elections, and over two thousand five hundred young men have been enrolled and added to the lists. This is a great gain for the Conservative party in Toronto. A special meeting of the club has been called for Monday, August 26, to consider the financial report and general business. A keen contest is expected for the presidency and other offices of the club; polling day has been fixed for Monday, October 21. Gentlemen of tender years and ancient ideas, and ancient gentlemen with young ideas, all these and scores of others have enrolled themselves under the banner of the Young Men's Political Debating Club. The constant advancement of political bugbears and the free discussion of complicated questions, that are gingerly handled by the politicians of their party, combined with an inherent belief that they can see further through a political wall than their elders, has produced a strong contingent of able debaters in this club, and persistent Conservatives of wealth and influence are ever ready to fondle the fads and fancies of their party in the Toronto district. An exciting fall and winter session of this club is expected in view of the approaching Dominion elections. A mass meeting of young men will be held next year in Massey Hall and the whole Dominion Cabinet is to be there.

The Aquatic Hall, at Center Island, on Monday evening last was the scene of a brilliant gathering from the Elmsmere House of the friends of Miss Strachan and Mr. E. S. Read, the occasion being the celebration of their birthday, singularly falling on the same date. Dancing commenced at eight o'clock and was kept up till eleven, when adjournment was made to supper, supplied by Webb, after which our good old Daddy Birchall presented the gifts given by the numerous friends. A trip around the Island was the next on the programme and one of the Island ferry steamer was chartered for the occasion, and a delightful time was spent till one o'clock, when the evening, or rather morning, was closed by forming an association called the Elmsmere Gun Chewing Club, which will meet every Wednesday and Saturday evening at eight o'clock at the Aquatic Hall.

There is a very pretty spot for a summer holiday which is yearly patronized by a select little *coterie* of Torontonians, that paradise of wood and water near Roach's Point. There come the Osiers from Craigies, the Hume Blakes, and this summer Mrs. Frank Hodgins has had a very delightful party for the last few weeks. I hear Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins are now going up to Georgian Bay for a time. Several others of our smart people have summer houses in that neighborhood.

Among the latest arrivals at Chemong Park Hotel are: Mr. W. G. Sabin, Dr. and Mrs. Whiteside of Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bliss of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. James M. Irwin of Nassau, Mrs. Argles, Miss Mamie Hope of Toronto, Miss Irwin of Nassau, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Thompson of Duluth, Minn.; Miss Alice Pretty of Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Florence Burley of Chicago, Mrs. Chrisholm and Miss Alice Chrisholm of Berlin, Ont.; Mrs. Mulholland, Miss Craik, Mr. Arnott Craik and Master Arthur Mulholland of Port Hope, Mr. T. C. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Armstrong of Oaks Corners, N.Y.

Mr. C. E. Burkholder of Hamilton, Rev. E. and Miss Lewis of Edith, Eng., Messrs. C. Stuart, A. B. Wilkie, and George Hamby of Toronto, Mr. E. A. Jones of Massillon, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Pudd of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. W. V. Taylor of Gananoque, Mr. William Bell of Montreal, Mr. J. H. Bastedo of Toronto, Mr. M. Burton of Barrie, Mr. H. P. Eckardt of Toronto, Rev. Ed. Lanahan, Mr. and Mrs. Lanahan, Miss Lanahan, Mrs. E. Wheeler of Chicago, Messrs. J. W. Campbell, R. A. Bell and J. B. Thompson of Toronto are at the Belvidere Hotel, Parry Sound.

A very jolly party of Belvidere guests, consisting of Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. H. P. Eckardt of Toronto, Mr. Rudd, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Wood of Cleveland, Mr. Craven of Dayton, Mr. Weldon of Cuero, Texas, Mr. Bastedo of Toronto and Dr. Addison of S. George, left by the steam launch Carleton for a day's fishing at Blackstone Lake. They arrived at the lake after a short run, after which they began their day's enjoyment. The day was all that could be desired, and after a very successful catch



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27 in. Black Satin Duchesse, pure silk, note width, very special, \$1.  
Black Cutwork Dress Silks, noted for wear and durability, at 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.  
Black Taffeta Skirtings, special at 50c, 75c, 85c.

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TORONTO

R. SIMPSON

they returned home with some of the finest bass caught this season, notwithstanding the fact that the largest fish escaped.

A Goderich correspondent writes as follows: Mrs. Attrell, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton and the Misses Attrell, accompanied by Mr. E. Attrell and a party of friends from Toronto, are spending the summer at their palatial summer home, Ridgewood Park, and entertained last month one hundred guests from Goderich at a charming dance. Miss May Allan, only daughter of Mr. A. McD. Allan, gave a most enjoyable party for sixty of her young friends at her father's beautiful home on August 9; the house and grounds were beautifully decorated and a most pleasant evening spent by the young people present. On August 2, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were at home to over two hundred friends, when with refreshments served in the beautifully laid out grounds and the band in attendance, the guests of the genial doctor and his popular wife spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Another social event was the dance given at the residence of U.S. Consul Chilton by his daughter, Miss Adah Chilton, in honor of her brother, R. Chilton of Washington, who leaves shortly for Armenia, where he will act as Consul. No less than six fashionable weddings will take place in Goderich between August 26 and October 4, of which accounts will be sent later on. The guests of the Point Farm summer hotel gave a most amusing ghost party this month, at which the guests of the ever-popular hotel spent a very exciting and jolly evening. Point Farm and all the other summer hotels and boarding-houses of this town are full of summer boarders, who unanimously pronounce Goderich the pleasantest summer resort in Ontario.

The many friends of Mrs. William Pearson, Jr., who with her husband is summering at Center Island, will be glad to hear she has fully recovered from her sudden illness of last week.

Mr. William Morrison of St. George street is spending his vacation at Center Island.

Mrs. Miss and Master Arthur Wilson of Avenue street have returned to town from their summer trip.

Miss Tilley of Ottawa, who has been the guest of Mrs. George J. Mason for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. de Lotbiniere Macdonald of Montreal was in town last week.

Mr. H. McMillan, manager of the Standard Bank, Parkdale, has been spending his holiday at Old Orchard Beach.

The Gloucester Outing Club treated a select party of friends to picnic on the lake shore near Mimico, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Brown. After a very enjoyable outing all retired to Sunnyside, where singing and dancing were resumed to a delightful orchestra. Among those present were: Miss Victoria Gimson, Miss Elsie Ross, Miss Maud Cameron, Miss Carrie Drummond of Perth, Miss Led-

yard, Miss Ella Gimson, Miss McKenzie, Miss Palin, Miss A. Johnston, Miss Ella Scott, Miss Pack, Messrs. Flood, Tom Christie, Donald McKenzie, Robert Pack, Ralph Jones, Ledyard, Eason, McLean, Harry Temple and Wilson.

Archdeacon Houston of Niagara Falls conducted the services of St. Mark's church, Parkdale, last Sunday, in the absence of the rector, who is in Penetang with his family, spending a month in Rev. Mr. Kingston's place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carlon of Peterboro' are visiting friends in town.

The three corners of Jarvis and Wellesley streets are looking most lovely this summer, so lovely that except for short outings their residents don't seem to care to leave them. Mr. Hart Massey's lawn is beautiful with palms, stately white lilles and dozens of fine plants. Euclid Hall never looked so well. Florshiem, across corners, is also full of flowers and fragrance, hedges of sweet peas in full bloom, and all sorts of charming flowers, and is presided over by the two elder daughters of the home during the absence of Mrs. Taylor in Europe. I hear Miss Ethel Taylor has been a privileged pupil of the renowned Herr Krause in Germany. By the way, Miss Mary Mara was lodged in a pension once occupied by Wagner, an atmospheric inspiration.

Herr Rudolf Ruth was in town this week looking very brown and well after many weeks spent on the shores of Lake Simcoe.

Signor and Mrs. Tessenow, who are cosily settled at Sherbourne street, are convinced that Toronto is a charming place to stay in for the summer. Mrs. Tessenow is a cultured and refined lady whose friends appreciate her addition to Toronto's long list of pleasant people.

A frequent visitor to Toronto this summer is Mrs. Smith, wife of the Colonel in command at Fort Niagara, N.Y. Mrs. Smith, with a friend or two, often takes the sail over to spend a few hours with us. On Thursday a large party from the Fort came over and did the city in the Tally-ho coaches.

Mr. Harold Jarvis sang at the Sunday services at Carlton street Methodist church last Sunday. His grand voice was a great treat to this music-loving congregation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick are at the Island.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hemming of Sultan street will be pleased to hear of the distinction won by Miss Donald McFee, sister of Mrs. Hemming. Miss McFee has just had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred on her by the University of Zurich, the highest degree yet obtained by any Canadian lady. The degree of Ph. D. has recently been granted by the University of Gottingen to Miss Chisholm of London, Eng., and later to Miss Malby of Boston, Mass., and now the fair fame of Canada has been upheld by Miss McFee. After graduating in McGill University

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back to a remote period be considered a guarantee the blood royal of the textile world. Since are the funerary offerings of Egyptian kings, to dust thousands of years ago. From Thebes to Linens are a most important article of commerce to the housewife, if the contents of the linen chest fully satisfy the highest ambition along this line. We carry everything in Linen, Damask, pieces, Damask by the yard—bleached hemstitched, Towellings, Sheetings and every attention to out-of-town parties.

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Miss McFee spent a year as post-graduate student in Cornell University, subsequently prosecuting the study of philosophy under the celebrated Professors Vundt and Lupke for two years in Leipzig, Germany. As that university does not grant degrees to women she went to Zurich, where she has just received the degree of Ph.D. with honors. Miss McFee is a thorough linguist, having read and passed her examinations in the foreign tongues. Mrs. Hemming and family are at present summering in the Adirondacks.

Mr. D. A. McMichael of New York is visiting relatives in this city.

Messrs. Bosworth and Hamilton left on Friday noon with a party of gentlemen for a week's fishing in Lake Nipissing.

Mrs. Bosworth and Mrs. Hamilton are at the Thousand Islands, where they will remain until joined by their husbands for an extended trip to Quebec and elsewhere.

Mrs. M. J. Kelly and family, of Gerrard street, are spending the summer at Balmoral Beach.

Mr. Percy Willmott of the Lancashire Insurance Company's staff has gone on the Mackinac trip, and will afterwards spend some time camping at Bala, Muskoka, with the Big "B" camp.

The bicycle lady is a feature of Island life. She skims over the green park, rides cheerfully along the sidewalks and runs races

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A delicate compliment is always conveyed to your friends by the use of fine stationery. Our stock is such as will please the most critical, and in many cases we have values that cannot be equaled anywhere else; for instance, our "Heraldic Bond" is the finest paper for foreign correspondence that can be had. Price, 5 quires for 50c.

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Very choice California Peaches, Plums, Pears, etc., also Bananas, Tomatoes and Vegetables, suitable for shipping to Muskoka and other places. Carefully selected and packed.

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Hair Dressing, Manicure and Face Massage . . . Parlors

Largest and Most Fashionable Establishment in Canada and United States

Ladies should not fail to secure one of our *Naturally Wavy* Switches at reduced prices. We are the leaders in our country, therefore we are in a position to give the best value. Our goods are manufactured on the principle, latest and improved styles.

Our hair-dressing rooms are the most convenient in the city, all on ground floor.

Our *Wavy* Switches, given different shades. This is reliable when all others have failed.

Our Turkish baths in connection with our parlors, open day and night, the most complete in the Dominion.

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Largest and Most Fashionable Establishment in Canada and United States

Ladies' fashionable Bangs and Fringes, beautiful Long Hair Switches and Wavy, Ladies' Wavy and Head Coverings, Wigs, etc.

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Hair Treated in all cases of fever, illness or falling out.

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Hair and wigs, especially of Hair Dressing and Hair Goods. Higher award obtained at Paris (France), New York and Chicago, 1893.

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## The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Branksome, The Duchess, A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED).

It doesn't take the Barrys, that is Susan, Dom, Carew, and Betty, a second after their guests have gone, to scamper down the road to the little green gate and beat upon it the tattoo that is the signal between them and Ella. And it takes only another moment for Ella herself to open the gate cautiously, whereupon she finds herself instantly with her hands full of cakes, and fruit and sweets, that she have brought her from their party; leaving the rest to the children, who had really behaved remarkably well all through the afternoon, thanks to the sombre Jacky, who had kept them under his unflinching eye.

"Well, we're alive," cries Betty. "Rather the worse for wear, but still in the land of the living. And really, it went off miraculously well—for us. Not even a fly in the cream. You saw us, I know. How did we look?"

"Oh, it was all so pretty; so pretty!" says Ella, a little sadly, perhaps, but with enthusiasm that leaves nothing to be desired. "Yes, of course, I saw you. I climbed up the tree. But, nervously looking at Susan, "I'm afraid they saw me."

"Certainly they saw you," says Carew, a little hotly. "Why shouldn't they?"

"Oh, no, I didn't want that. I am sorry," says Ella with evident distress. "I thought I was quite safe there—that no one could see me. But—Susan—did Mr. Wyndham see me?"

"Yes," says Susan gently. Ella's distress at once growing deeper, she goes on hurriedly. "But, as Carew says, why not? It is your own place—your own tree—and I have always said you ought to come out—and mix with us."

"No, no," hurriedly. "All at once it seems to her that she must tell Susan the whole truth; how it is with her—and her horror of being discovered by that man—and the past sadness of her life, and the present loneliness of it. But not now; another time, when they are quite alone."

"The poet saw you at all events," says Dom. "He's not quite right in his head, poor old chap, and he got very mixed. He thought you were a Hindoo idol—"

"Dominick!" Betty turns upon him indignantly. "How disgracefully ignorant you are! After all papa's teaching! Hamadryads aren't Hindoo idols. They are lovely things. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, I am," says Mr. Fitzgerald, with resignation. "I really don't think I shall pass any exam."

"You don't try," says Susan, with a slight touch of anger. "You don't put your mind into your work. And it is such a shame to words father. Why don't you try?"

"He does try," says Betty angrily. She is so evidently on the defensive—on the side of the prisoner at the bar—that they all stare, a matter that brings her to her senses in a hurry. She to defend Dom, with whom she is always at daggers drawn! A gleam of pleasure in Dom's eyes enrages her and brings the crisis.

"He does try," repeats she. "But," with a glance at Dom meant to reduce him to powder, "he has no brains."

The glance is lost. Dom comes up smiling.

"You've got it," says he. And then, "Any way, Miss Moore, our only poet thought you were a Sylvan Goddess. Will that do, Betty? Didn't he, Carew?"

"He's a fool," says Carew morosely.

"Did you notice him, Ella?" asks Betty. "A little man with a dismal eye and a nose you could hang your hat on! If poets are all like that, defend me from them. He goes about as if he were searching for a corner in which to weep, and he looks as if—"

"I didn't know where he is," quotes Dom.

"Yes, I saw him. He was sitting near you, Susan, and I saw Mr. Wyndham, and—" She pauses, and a faint color steals into her cheeks. "Susan, who was that woman with the high things in her bonnet?"

"High things?" Susan looks puzzled and Ella goes on to describe Mrs. Prior's bonnet with more extreme accuracy.

"That was Mrs. Prior—Mr. Wyndham's aunt. Fancy your noticing her. Do you know, Ella, I can't bear her, or her daughter. They are all so—so unreal—so cruel, I think—"

But Ella is hardly listening. Her eyes are troubled. She is thinking—thinking.

"It is strange," says she at last, "but somehow it seems to me as if I had seen her before. Not here—not now—but long, long, long ago." She makes a little movement of her hands as if driving something from her, then looks at Susan. "It is nonsense, of course." She is very pale and her smile is dull and lifeless.

"But—I have seen her somewhere in my past—or someone like her; but not so cold—so cruel."

"She is Mr. Wyndham's aunt," says Susan again. "Perhaps the likeness you see lies there."

"Perhaps so. But no, he is not like her," says the girl earnestly. "No, it is not Mr. Wyndham she reminds me of."

"My goodness, Susan," says Betty suddenly, "perhaps we should not have left all those cakes with the children. They will make themselves ill, and we shall have a horrid time to-morrow."

"Oh, and Bonnie!" says Susan, paling. She kisses Ella hurriedly and races home again up the quiet little shadowy road without waiting for the slower coming of those behind her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day May strip you bare as beggarly itself."

"Is this thing true, George?"

"What thing?" asks Crosby.

"Oh, you know, you know. You," turning her cold eyes on him, with actual fury in their depths, "must have known it all along."

"My dear Mrs. Prior, if you would only explain."

Mrs. Prior motions him to a seat. She is already dressed for dinner, though it is barely

seven o'clock. She had, however, determined after a stormy interview with Josephine on their return from the Rectory—on seeing Wyndham at once and demanding an explanation with regard to "that creature," as she called her. Wyndham, it seemed, however, had not yet returned. "Gone to see her, no doubt," cried Mrs. Prior, with ever rising wrath, and thus foiled in her efforts to see him she had sent for her host, who, of course, being a bosom friend of Wyndham's and living down here, must have known all about it from the first.

"Do you think I need?" says she, with a touch of scorn. "Are you going to tell me deliberately that you do not know what this woman—is to Paul?"

"His tenant," says Crosby calmly. "What's the matter with that? Lots of fellows have tenants."

"That is quite true. It is also true that 'lots of fellows!' she draws in her breath as if suffocating, "have—"

"Oh, come now!" says Crosby.

"You would have me mince matters," says she in her low, cold voice, that is now vibrating with anger. "It is inadmissible, of course, to mention things of this sort. But I have my poor girl's interest at stake, and I dare to go far—for her. This arrangement of Paul's down here, close to you—"she gives him a sudden quick glance—"in the very midst of us, as it were, is a direct insult."

"So it certainly would be, if matters were as you suppose. I am confident, however, that they are not. I have Paul's word for it."

"Oh, a man's word, on an occasion such as this!"

"Well, I suppose a man's word, if you know the man, is as good on one occasion as another!" says Crosby. "And why should he lie to me about it? I have no interest in his tenants. If, as you seem to fancy, she is—"

"Oh, hush!" says Mrs. Prior, making an entreating gesture. "Don't speak so loud. That poor child of mine—that poor, poor child—is there, pointing to the door on her left. "And if she heard this—it would almost kill her, I think." Mrs. Prior throws a little tragedy into her pale blue eyes. "Her heart is deeply concerned—is filled, indeed, with Paul! As you know, George, for years this engagement has been thought of."

"Engagement?" Between," a little impatiently, but solemnly, "Paul and—" She stops as if heart-broken and covers her face with her handkerchief.

"Virginia," is on the tip of Crosby's tongue, but by a noble effort he swallows it.

"My unhappy Josephine," says Mrs. Prior, having commanded her grief. "For myself, I cannot see what the end of this thing will be."

"It's an unlucky name beyond doubt," says Crosby, growing historical. "I don't think I'd christen another—h'm—I mean, I don't think it is a good name to call a girl, but don't you know; but I fail to see where the unhappiness comes in this time!"

"He does try," repeats she. "But," with a glance at Dom meant to reduce him to powder, "he has no brains."

The glance is lost. Dom comes up smiling.

"You've got it," says he. And then, "Any way, Miss Moore, our only poet thought you were a Sylvan Goddess. Will that do, Betty? Didn't he, Carew?"

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"My dear Mrs. Prior, if you would only explain."

Mrs. Prior motions him to a seat. She is already dressed for dinner, though it is barely

herself pledged surely, if unspokenly, to her cousin. Her great attachment to him—"all at once Crosby sees Josephine's calm, calculating eyes and passionless manner—"has been, I now begin to fear, the misfortune of her life; because certainly—yes, certainly, he led her to believe, all along, that he meant to make her his wife."

"Well, perhaps he does," says Crosby.

"What! And do you imagine I would submit to—that establishment—whilst my daughter—" She buries her face in her handkerchief. "Shangarry will be so grieved," says she. This is a second threat, meant to be conveyed to Wyndham. Crosby represses an inclination to laugh. After all, she has chosen, poor woman, about the worst man in Europe for her ambassador. To him, Mrs. Prior's indignation is as clear as day. With his clear common sense he thus reads her:

She has doubts about Wyndham's relations with his pretty tenant, but she has deliberately set herself to believe the worst. The worst of her, however, would not be the immoral attitude of the case, but the dread that the girl would inveigle Wyndham into a marriage with her, and so spoil her daughter's chance. The girl, as she saw her through the spreading branches, was very beautiful, and Josephine—well! There was a time when she was younger, fresher.

"I really think, Mrs. Prior, you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill," says he presently. "I assure you, I think this young lady, now living in the Cottage, is nothing more or less than Wyndham's tenant. Why make a fuss about it? I am sure if you ask Wyndham—by the bye, why don't you ask him?"

"Because he refuses me the opportunity," says Mrs. Prior. "I sent for him. He was not to be found. He purposely avoids me this evening. But he shall not do so to-morrow! I am his aunt; I have every right to speak to him on this disgraceful subject."

"Not disgraceful, I trust," says Crosby, who is now devoutly thanking his stars that Mrs. Prior is not his aunt.

"Utterly disgraceful, when I think of how he has behaved to my poor trusting girl—"

"Still," says Crosby thoughtfully, "you tell me there were no words said."

"No actual words!"

"Ah—the others are so useless," says Crosby. Mrs. Prior lifts her eyes to his for a moment. Real emotion shines in them; and all at once Crosby is conscious of a sense of shame! Poor soul, however mistaken, however contemptible her trouble—still it is trouble, and therefore worthy of consideration.

"I can see you are not on my side," says she at last. "You have no sympathy with my grief, and yet you might have. I have had many griefs in my time, George, but this is the worst of all. To have my daughter thus treated. Of course after this I could not—I really believe I could not sanction her marriage with Paul." She pauses, and delicately dabs her handkerchief into her eyes. Her hopes of a marriage between her daughter and Wyndham have been at such a low ebb for a long time that there is scarcely any harm in declaring now her determination not to wed her daughter to her cousin at any price. If things should take a turn for the better, if her threats about informing Shangarry should take effect, she can easily get out of her present attitude. "Yes—such troubles!" She dabs her eyes again. "First my sister's terrible marriage with a perfectly impossible person—you know all about that, George—poor, dear Eleanor—and then my father's will, leaving everything to Eleanor and her children, though he had often excommunicated her, as it were. And the trouble with that will. The searching here and there for Eleanor—poor Eleanor—such awful trouble—advertisements, and private enquiry people, and all the rest. As you know, it is only quite lately that certain information of her death without issue having come to hand, as she enters, because the name of Susan Barry is being waited to and fro.

"Oh! she's lovely—lovely!" says Lady Forster, saying with enthusiasm. "Such eyes, and with such a funny expression in them sometimes; sometimes when she isn't so dreadfully in earnest, as she generally is. After all, perhaps the earnestness is her charm! She is certainly the very sweetest thing—George!"

"She turns, looks around her, and finding Crosby not present, laughs and makes a little gesture with her hands. "George will never be able to go back to his niggers!" In her heart, being devoted to her only brother, she hopes this will be the case.

"If you don't take care she will marry your brother," says Miss Prior from her low seat. She is protecting her complexion from the light of the big lamp near her by a fan far bigger than the lamp.

"Well, why not?" says Lady Forster, who is evidently thinking.

"A girl like that—a mere nobody—the daughter of an obscure country parson."

"Oh! not so very obscure," says Lady Forster.

"Still—hardly a match for Mr. Crosby." Josephine waves her fan lightly, yet with a suggestion of temper. Her mother, who has subsided into a seat, listens with an interest that borders on agitation to the answer to this speech. On it hangs her decision about the girl at the Cottage. If Crosby's people support Crosby in his infatuation for that silly child at the Rectory, then—nothing is left to Josephine.

"Do you know," says Lady Forster, "I don't feel a bit like that. Let us all be happy is my motto. I think," thoughtfully, "I am not sure, mind you, but I think if George wanted to marry a barmaid or something like that, I should enter a gentle protest. But if he has set his heart on this delightful Susan . . . Isn't she a heart, Muriel? Such a ducky child."

"I thought her delightful, and her brother too," says Lady Muriel, laughing at Katherine's exaggerations. "She is decidedly pretty, at all events. Even more than that."

"Oh, a great deal more," says Captain Lennox, who has come into the room with some of the other men.

"And of very good family, too," says Lady Forster.

"She is dining with them. The Barrys, as has been said, are a connection of hers, but always up to this—on account of their poverty—acarately acknowledged, and kept carefully in the shade. But now, with this brilliant chance of a marriage for Susan, she is willing to bring them suddenly into the fuller light."

"But penniless!" puts in Josephine care-

fully.

"Ah! what do pennies matter!" says Lady Forster sweetly, but with a faint grin at her husband, who is near her. He, too, feels small affection for the stately Josephine. "And if George fancies her—why, it will keep him from marrying a squaw. They don't call them squaws in Africa, do they? Something worse, perhaps!"

## We May Tell You

OVER AND OVER AGAIN OF THE MERITS OF

# "Salada"

CEYLON TEA

But nothing

know why I married you except—that you were the biggest duffer in Europe!"

Forster roars.

"I'm glad I'm the biggest," says he. "It's well to be great in one's own line."

"Well, that's where it is," says Lady Forster, returning with perfect equanimity to the original subject. "And if it comes off, Susan will be a perfect sister-in-law. One has to think of oneself, you know! And what I dwell on is, that I'll have the greatest fun bringing her out in town. I've thought it all over. She will have a regular boom! There won't be a girl next year in it with her. I know all the coming *debutantes*, and she could give them miles and beat them."

Miss Prior laughs curiously, and Lady Forster looks at her.

"You think?"

"That you are the most disinterested sister on earth, or—"

"Well?"

"The most selfish."

Lady Forster, who is impetuous to a fault, makes a movement as if to say something crushing—then restrains herself. After all, it is her brother's house—this girl is her guest.

"Oh, not selfish!" says she sweetly. "I have a strange fancy that George adores her."

"Strange fancies are not always true," says Miss Prior. "Sir William, do you agree with Katherine about this adoration?"

Sir William shrugs his shoulders. How should he know?

"Oh, Billee's a fool?" says Lady Forster, in her plaintive voice. "Aren't you, Billee?"

"My darling! You forget I married you," says Forster in his tragic tone, whereat she rolls her handkerchief into a little ball and throws it at him.

Miss Prior, who had sat on a lounge near the door listening silently to this conversation, now makes up her mind. There is nothing to be hoped from Crosby! To-morrow, then, she will see this "tenant" of Paul's, though all the guardians and chaperones in Europe rise up to prevent her.

"But are you really so sure that your brother is in love with Miss Susan?" asks Lennox of Lady Forster in a low tone, unheard by the others.

"No, I'm not!" declares she, with astounding frankness. "I only wanted to be a tiny bit nasty to Josephine, who I'm sure has her eyes on him in case another complication fails. No indeed—"sighing—"no such luck. Wanderers like George are like confirmed gamblers or drunkards, or that sort of extraordinary person. They are beyond cure. I'm sure that in spite of all that pretty Susan's charms he will go back to his nasty blacks and his lions, and his general tomfoolery."

(To be Continued.)

#### Books and Authors.

Mr. Ernest Heaton, B.A., has issued from The Week Publishing Co. (Ltd.), a little book in which he grapples with Canada's Problem. Since reading it I have not had time to read it, but a five-minute glance through its pages has convinced me that it is well worth the attentive perusal of thoughtful people. After giving it the careful reading which its contents deserve, a further reference will be made to it.

The curiosity of the British public is stirred by the announcement that Mr. Lane will soon issue a new volume of poems by Frederick Tennyson. Mr. Tennyson is the eldest son of the family of which the laureate was the third born, and hence cannot be far short of ninety.

According to an English authority Herr Nordau is now at work upon a novel. He is not going to write another philosophical work for some years, we learn. He does not want, he says, to be nailed down to any specialty. When the novel is finished he is going to write a play, and after that perhaps another novel. He began writing, we are told, when he was twelve years old, and was writing for money at fourteen.

Mme. Anna Seuron, who was Count Tolstoy's housekeeper for ten years, has been showing up the count in an Italian journal. The lady does not mince her words, and boldly declares that he preaches better than he practices; that his philanthropy is no more above suspicion than his vegetarianism; he is reader with advice than with more substantial help, and instead of bread has been known to offer his workmen readings from his works, during which they forgot their troubles in refreshing himself.

To a moderate degree The Green Carnation proved a sensation. Not that anybody thought that literature was advanced in the slightest extent by Mr. Highens' effort to produce something out of the ordinary, or that the moderately intelligent reader believed that "smartness" cannot be easily carried to the point of weariness. But there was a mild stimulant in the reflection that the author was lashing society with a whip of scorpions and there were not wanting those who imagined that they read between the lines and recognized many familiar faces in the caricatures. Mr. Highens has further contributed to literature and in his novel An Imaginative Man he has been pleased to pursue the line of thought developed by the little flutter over The Green Carnation. The hero is a morbidly constituted fellow with a craze for whatever he may fancy to be difficult to understand. In pursuit of this aim in life he marries a young woman who has puzzled him. As soon as he discovers that his wife is, after all, easy to comprehend, his love for her—if he had any—vanishes. Then the story shifts to the winter trip to Egypt and begins and absurdly ends with the man's devotion to and adoration of the Sphinx. The tone of the book is so ridiculously pessimistic, the characters in the main are so uninteresting, either in their gentle dullness or in their exaggerated morbidity or wickedness, and the action of the story is so slight that An Imaginative Man demands the most superficial treatment. Mr. Highens has the fault of a certain class of writers recently developed in assuming that people carry on a conversation in epigrams. The reader is "epigrammed" to death. Long before the first hundred pages are concluded he is perfectly

Wallie—Say, Cholly, lend me five dollars, will you?  
Cholly—Why, me deah fellah, I was just going to ask the favor of you.  
Wallie—is that so? Well, great minds often flow in the same direction, you know.

(Copyrighted.)

and painfully aware that it is not Denison or End or Mrs. Aintree or Guy who is talking, but Mr. Highens himself, who is putting pearls of pessimistic wisdom in their mouths. And the chances are that if the reader keeps on at all it is not because he is really interested in the story, but because he is curious to see how long the author can moralize to so little purpose. And he is not surprised to find that it is sustained to the end, a most impotent and lame end by the way, a fitting conclusion to a story without a plot, without a pleasant suggestion and without a character of positive strength or personal worthiness.

Arthur Orton, the butcher of Wapping who passed himself off as Sir Roger Tichborne, has now confessed the fraud for which he underwent the punishment of fourteen years in state prison. The most dastardly act of this impostor was that he attacked the honor of Sir Roger's bride, with whom he claimed to have been unduly intimate. This act cost the impostor many sympathizers. People argued that the man who would ruin the reputation of a woman, though a large estate were at stake, could not be of nole descent.

Speaking of Mr. Smalley's *Studies of Men*, The *Spectator* says: "There is a prejudice against articles republished from the newspapers—often a very mistaken one. Take the present work. It would have been a great pity if Mr. Smalley had allowed these very interesting personal studies to perish as things only perish in a bound volume of a newspaper—there is no lethal state more complete than that, in the whole world of letters—merely because he wrote them for the *New York Tribune*. They are quite as good, both as regards manner and matter, as the stuff that ordinary books are made of. The English public gets a great advantage in being able to read these incisive and yet thoroughly just and good-tempered criticisms of our public men. Outside opinions on political characters are always interesting and useful."

R. D. Blackmore, the novelist, whose new volume is to be the book of poems entitled *Fringilla*, which Mr. Matthews is to publish, made up his mind originally to storm fate as a poet, and not as a novelist. His first five books were all poems. His novel, *Clara Vaughan*, did not come out till he had been publishing for ten years. Mr. Blackmore is not, as is popularly supposed, a West-Countryman. He was born at Longworth, in Berkshire, and his connection with Devonshire began when he was sent to Blundell's school at Tiverton, from which he proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford.

Dean Farrar's publishers have issued an interesting announcement about the circulation of his books. His *Life of Christ* has now passed into its twenty-third edition. The Life and Work of St. Paul has reached its twentieth, while nine thousand copies of *The Early Days of Christianity* have been sold. These are only library editions, and do not include illustrated and popular issues.

Concerning the new book on the life of Adam Smith, by John Rae, *The Athenaeum* remarks: "It is not easy to do justice to the merits of Mr. Rae's work. In its treatment—its balance, its fine reserve and proportion—as well as in the interest of its subject-matter, the book is alike excellent. The light which is thrown upon the mental development of Adam Smith is just such and so much as we at this moment peculiarly need."

An ingenious medical application of the "put-a-penny-in-the-slot" system has been introduced in England, according to *The Lancet*. "The machine is figured in the likeness of a man, and reduces specialism to a fine art, for instead of the one or two slots which the carnal and earthly sweetmeat or cigarette machine has, this is provided with slots corresponding to every member of the body. Has anyone a headache? On inserting a coin into the slot in the head the machine, after due consideration, hands out a prescription for the evil in question. The machine does not make up medicine, but the address of the nearest druggist is given."

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She—I presume the country editor's pathway is not strewn with flowers? He (pleasantly)—No, not exactly; but we stumble on a bushel of potatoes occasionally, or a cord of wood.

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Bill—Yes, it takes all der energy out of a feller.

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Enough to Provoke a Saint.

Truth.

A young man, in an outing shirt and straw hat, was wheeling a baby-carriage back and forth along the pavement in front of a certain flat in Brooklyn. The hot afternoon sun poured pitilessly down upon him and he was as angry as any man in the city.

"My dear," came a voice from the upper window of the house.

"You go to thunder!" he shrieked back. "Let me alone, can't you?" And he went on wheeling and mopping his face.

An hour later the same voice came from the same window in earnest, pleading tones:

"George, dear!"

"Well, what in the deuce do you want?" he shouted. "Have the water-pipes burst?"

"No, George, dear!" wailed the voice; "the water-pipes are all right, but you've been wheeling Little's doll all the afternoon. Hadn't you better let baby have a turn now?"

This was last week, but George is still in the hospital pending an examination as to his sanity.

Prepared For Emergencies.

Pearson's Weekly.

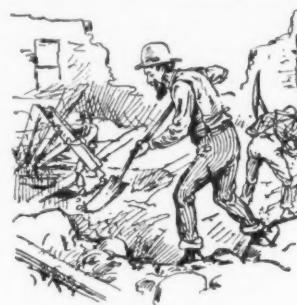
A clergyman well known for his love of "horseflesh" was driving through a country village the other day, breaking in a new horse, when he overtook a doctor of his acquaintance on foot.

"Jump in, doctor," he cried, pulling up. "I've got a horse here that it is a perfect treat to sit behind."

The doctor jumped in, and the parson drove off.

The horse was "a treat" in the sense of speed and skittishness, and presently stood stock-still and shot both hind legs underneath the trap, splitting it to pieces and throwing out both the occupants.

The doctor jumped to his feet, feeling himself



"I was helping dig out the cellar."

imagine. How I was cured is even more interesting. One day I saw a neighbor whom I knew had rheumatism very bad, running down the road. I called him and asked what had cured his rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he promptly replied, and that determined me to try the same remedy. Well, the result is Pink Pills cured me, and that is something other medicines failed to do. I don't know what is in them, but I do know that Pink Pills is a wonderful medicine. And it is not only in my own case," continued Mr. Nixon, "that I have reason to be grateful for what the medicine has done. My son, Fred, about twelve years of age, was taken with an attack of cold. Inflammation of the lungs set in and as he was recovering from this, other complications followed which developed into St. Vitus dance, which got so bad that he could not possibly stand still. We gave him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that he is now thoroughly cured, and looks as though he had never had a day's sickness in his life, and if these facts, which are known to all the neighbors, will be of benefit to anyone else, you are at liberty to publish them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic coryza, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and

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Cor.



# At Bay

BY WILLIAM BANKS, JR.

The gate of the prison in the great city of Jetsam closed with a bang, and James Faber, to the police authorities, and Magay, to his associates, stood on its outer side, a free man.

It was a beautiful summer day. It seemed to Magay that he had never seen so blue a sky;

had never felt so balmy a breeze nor heard the birds sing so sweetly. He laughed aloud,

Not the harsh, sneering, cynical laugh, char-

acteristic of the villain of the stage, but the jovial "hal-hal" of the man whose heart is glad.

One year's incarceration had not told heavily upon him. Indeed, the regular hours, the daily portion of hard work, and the plain but wholesome food had almost completely restored a system run down by exposure and hardship. But it was good to be one's own master again, and he stepped out, toward the heart of the city, with a swinging stride and whistling a rollicking melody.

No thought of the future bothered him. That had been decided during the many long hours of solitary confinement, hours during which his busy brain had concocted new schemes whereby he might, on regaining his liberty, immediately resume, with some degree of safety, his calling of professional burglar.

Professional burglar! Many times during his imprisonment Magay had repeated those words to himself, softly and with the lingering tenderness of one who repeats a compliment paid him by a friend. He recalled a time when he had been described on the police record as a loafer.

Again he remembered an occasion when the one word "thief" had been inscribed after his name; but—and he stopped his whistling to laugh with joy at the thought of it—on the occasion of his trial for his last offence against the law, he had reached the height of his ambition. Even now he glowed with pride as, in fancy, he heard the Police Court clerk sing out his name with its aliases and add thereto the magic words, "professional burglar."

Half an hour's sharp walking brought him to a small street, in a very dingy-looking part of the city, and he stopped before a house over the door of which was a sign bearing the inscription, "Terence O'Toole, Boot and Shoe Maker."

At his knock the door was opened by O'Toole himself, who uttered one glad cry, "Magay," and clasping him by the hand dragged him into the house.

The news soon spread that Magay was home again. Magay, the pride of "the District," as the locality was generally known; the man who unaided had whipped a policeman in a stand-up fight, and who had so often escaped the long arm of the law.

That night an impromptu dance was held in his honor at O'Toole's house. Those who attended showered their praises and congratulations on Magay, and this pleased him greatly. But when Mariana, the daughter of the Italian who headed the string band which furnished the dance music, came to him and said in her broken English, "You can no tell what gladness I have to see you again," he was so overjoyed that he could not reply.

When the hilarity was at its height, and the absence of one or more of the guests was not noticed by those remaining, O'Toole drew Magay into the hallway and there unfolded to him a plan by which, with some little hard work and the exercise of ordinary care, they might make a "great haul."

Crouching in the shadows at the foot of the staircase, Mariana listened to the men discussing the project, and her heart grew sick when she heard O'Toole say, "An' I'll bring my billy an' you kin carry de pistol. We can't take no chances."

Then the men went back to the dancers.

Magay looked around for Mariana, and not seeing her again passed into the hallway, and opening the door stood leaning against it, with his face turned to the sky.

There was a slight rustle behind him, then a hand was laid upon his shoulder and he turned his head to encounter Mariana's bold gaze. He did not speak to her roughly, as he would have done to any of the other women, for, in his own way, he loved the girl and knew that his affection was returned.

"Well?" he said gently.

"Oh, Magay," she answered, "I did hear you—how you call it—yes, scheme the haul—" he flung her hand off roughly and turned on her, scowling. She continued rapidly, unheeding this rebuff, "And I want you to make a say to me that you shall not take the pistol."

"Curse you," he almost yelled the words; "If it was any other woman I'd strangle her. You've spilt the whole business."

She shrank back, holding out her hands as though to ward off a blow. The man stormed on for a few minutes, but the girl made no answer. Exasperated, he seized her by the wrist and dragged her toward him until their faces almost touched.

"Go and tell," he whispered fiercely, "go and tell the police so's they can run me in again. Leave me pistol behind," he continued contemptuously: "pretty smart, ain't yer? What cop's been making love to you?"

This roused the girl. She drew herself up proudly and answered back sharply enough: "You should already know me better. You do not know what you say."

"My, but you look fine so," admiringly; "but," and he scowled again, "what are you driving at?"

"I love you so, have I not already told you often? If someone shall be hurt and you are taken away again, what must I then do?"

It was some time before he replied. When he spoke again his voice was strangely gentle. "I won't promise not to take the pistol, but I'll promise not to load it, if that will suit you," and immediately he repented his rash speech, but his word once given he would not retract it.

Mariana was delighted. "I know," she said, "that you will do what you say. Now come and dance with me."

At two o'clock one morning, a few weeks

after the dance, Magay and O'Toole sat on the kitchen steps of Sir Henry Evelyn's city residence. They held a brief, whispered consultation, the result of which was that, after the cellar window had been pried open, Magay entered alone.

It did not take him long to find his way up to the cellar door. Arrived there he opened it quietly, and listened closely for a few minutes, then passed into the kitchen. From there he found his way to the dining-room, where he lingered just long enough to flash his lantern around it and assure himself that there was considerable plate there. Then he passed into a room, a combination of a library and study, and quietly closed the door behind him. Here his examination was leisurely and thorough. There were books there by the hundreds, a larger library, in fact, than he had ever visited before. There were several small tables on which were papers, magazines, bric-a-brac, and on one some drawing materials and a half-finished sketch. Near the window was a great easy-chair, and Magay thought how well Mariana would look seated in it. But close to the door by which he had entered, was the object of his search—a small safe—and when he caught sight of it he laughed softly. He kneeled before it and examined it closely. The examination pleased him; the work promised to be easy compared with other undertakings of a like nature in which he had figured. He set the lantern at a convenient angle on the floor, put his hand in his pocket and—

The door opened slowly. With a low cry he rose, pulled out his pistol, cursing himself bitterly under his breath as he remembered that, true to his promise, he had not loaded it, shut off his lantern and waited.

A young woman, bearing in one hand a lighted lamp, entered the room. To this day Magay speaks with awe, and a certain amount of admiration, of the pale, handsome face, the sweet brown eyes with no sign of fear in them, the flowing auburn hair, the slight graceful figure, and the "beautiful" clinging dressing-gown which hardly covered her pretty feet.

She turned the light upon him and in mild surprise said:

"You are very pale. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid," he gasped, "My God! lady, if this pistol had been loaded I would have shot you."

"Then there is nothing to fear," sweetly.

"You will not harm me now."

For a brief while they gazed at each other in silence. Then with a mixture of diffidence and eagerness she said abruptly: "What a splendid opportunity! Will you pose for me?"

"What?"

"Pose. Ah! you do not understand. Allow me to draw a picture of yourself."

"Ha! and give it to the police so I'll be pinched again. Not if I know it, young lady. You'd better let me tie your hands and gag you. I'll do it so's not to hurt—" in an apologetic tone, noticing her startled glance.

"You will not do it at all," she retorted proudly, and a wave of color swept over her face. "I'm an Evelyn, and should you dare to touch me I will arouse the household."

The man was too astonished to reply. He stared at her in amazed silence and waved the pistol idly.

"Now," she continued quietly, "you need not be afraid. Should anyone intrude, I will be responsible for your safety. It is so hard," plaintively, "to find new subjects. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"That is right," gaily.

Something of her spirit seemed to have entered him, for he smiled at her good-naturedly, lit the gas, moved the great chair, noiselessly, to the position she pointed out, and then assumed an attitude according to her directions.

"Unless I scream, or some other great noise is made, no one can hear us," she assured him.

In the meantime O'Toole sat on the kitchen steps in an agony of suspense. Finally, after what seemed hours of waiting, he slipped through the open cellar window. After a few minutes of groping through the various rooms, he discovered a door-way from which a broad stream of light issued. Cautiously he crept along until on the threshold of that door, and then stopped, for he heard Magay speaking.

"Yes, miss, I love her, and I done it to please her."

"And it probably saved my life," said a sweet voice thoughtfully.

"Yes," meekly.

O'Toole pulled his hair to make sure that his senses had not deserted him; and for the moment he was uncertain how to act. Then with the billy gripped tightly in his right hand he entered the room.

The girl saw him first and jumped from the great chair with a little gasp of fear, and looked appealingly to Magay.

"It's all right, miss," said the latter reassuringly; "he's a friend of mine. I forgot to tell you that there was two of us on this job." Then turning to O'Toole he said, with an assumption of dignity: "Take a chair, Mr. O'Toole."

O'Toole dropped into the nearest chair and then turned to Magay, perplexity and fear written on every feature of his face.

"It's all right," said Magay; "I'll explain afterwards."

The young woman sat down again and took up pencil and sketching pad. With some little trouble Magay re-assumed his pose; body bent forward, as though about to spring, lips slightly parted and eyes wide open as in fear, the pistol grasped in the right hand, the darkened lantern in the left.

The girl sketched rapidly, pausing now and then to glance over her work or make a suggestion to her model. O'Toole sat in stupified silence. Occasionally he looked at Magay with sorrowful eyes, but for the most part his gaze rested upon the graceful figure in the great arm-chair, but in no way could he arrive at any solution of the scene.

Four o'clock rang. The rattle of a passing vehicle reached Magay's ear. "We must go," he said.

"Very well," was the reply. "I have quite finished."

Magay motioned to O'Toole, who rose and prepared to follow his comrade.

"I have forgotten something," said Magay, almost jokingly; "me pardner must be paid for the night's work. It don't matter about me-self."

"Will you call and receive payment this afternoon?" she asked.

O'Toole, thoroughly alert now, said "No" very sharply, but Magay's quiet "Yes" satisfied her.

She would not allow them to go out by way of the cellar, as Magay, who seemed to be aware for the first time of the danger he and his companion were in, was anxious to do. She again assured him that she would answer for their safety. As they passed out the kitchen door she whispered to Magay, "Give my love to Mariana."

O'Toole spoke no word during the homeward journey, but at every light they passed he took hurried look at his companion's face, and once or twice shook his head and sighed mournfully. Magay also maintained silence.

In the afternoon O'Toole took Mariana into his confidence. He related the circumstances, so far as he knew of them, and concluded by expressing the opinion that Magay was "clean crazy."

Magay, in the meantime, was conversing with Miss Evelyn, in the very room in which he had posed for her. When he left her he carried with him a substantial sum of money, which, later, he handed to O'Toole, after relating to him those incidents of the adventure in which the latter had not played a part. Although really pleased at the outcome of the affair, O'Toole could not forbear remarking significantly, "The money was nothing to what they might have had."

Some months afterward O'Toole read from a local newspaper a somewhat lengthy criticism of a picture on view at an exhibition by artists resident in Jetsam. "The picture At Bay," said the article, "by Miss Evelyn, is undoubtedly the most striking work in the exhibition. The subject possesses the charm of originality, and the picture bears testimony to the care and attention lavished upon it by the artist."

It then went on to describe minutely that scene in the residence of Sir Henry Evelyn, which had left such a vivid impression upon O'Toole's mind. When he had read the last word of reference to it, O'Toole searched for, and quickly found, Magay, and drew his attention to the article.

That night, accompanied by Mariana, Magay visited the exhibition and they soon stood before the picture At Bay.

"Why, it is you," whispered Mariana hoarsely, as she pointed to the central figure on the canvas.

"An' I blamed good likeness, too," returned Magay complacently.

"Yes," said a voice behind them, "it's from life. My model's posing was perfect."

Magay turned with a start. There was Miss Evelyn talking with a grave-looking man, evidently an artist. She met his gaze and, smiling slightly, bowed. Magay raised his hat awkwardly. The grave-looking gentleman did not notice this exchange of courtesies, but when the police officer on duty in the place, who had watched Magay closely from the time the latter entered the building, wondered why Sir Henry Evelyn's daughter should bow to a professional

### The Deaf Man's Tribute.

Sometimes clergymen are paid compliments that do not carry great value. It is said that Rev. A. John Cleare of the Lord's New Church, Elm street, in this city, was last Sunday complimented in this way. Among the most faithful attendants at all the services is an old gentleman who labors under the difficulty of being entirely deaf. He never hears a sound during service, but watches with the greatest attention from beginning to end. When the service had been brought to a conclusion last Sunday evening one of the officers of the church shook hands with the deaf brother, who responded heartily. "Our minister preached a fine sermon to-night," he said. "He was in fine form—a grand sermon. I almost heard him."

"And it probably saved my life," said a sweet voice thoughtfully.

"Yes," meekly.

O'Toole pulled his hair to make sure that his senses had not deserted him; and for the moment he was uncertain how to act. Then with the billy gripped tightly in his right hand he entered the room.

The girl saw him first and jumped from the great chair with a little gasp of fear, and looked appealingly to Magay.

"It's all right, miss," said the latter reassuringly; "he's a friend of mine. I forgot to tell you that there was two of us on this job." Then turning to O'Toole he said, with an assumption of dignity: "Take a chair, Mr. O'Toole."

O'Toole dropped into the nearest chair and then turned to Magay, perplexity and fear written on every feature of his face.

"It's all right," said Magay; "I'll explain afterwards."

The young woman sat down again and took up pencil and sketching pad. With some little trouble Magay re-assumed his pose; body bent forward, as though about to spring, lips slightly parted and eyes wide open as in fear, the pistol grasped in the right hand, the darkened lantern in the left.

### By the Sad Sea Waves



Mabel—Why, Grace, where did you get your bathing suit?

Grace—Made it out of an old Columbian postage stamp. Jolly cute, isn't it?

(Copyrighted)

### A Strange Wedding.

plished my heart's wish. I am happy!" There perforce we left her, a human bride without a husband, a dead woman with a living, yearning soul, whose children will be Poverty, born on the altar of Sacrifice. A strange wedding in truth—even in this world of mysteries.

F.

### The British Renaissance.

For Saturday Night.

The fame of Old England transcends to-day The glory and light of the past, For nations whilst hearing her claims are revering The actors assuming their cast.

The How aroused with significant growl Glares forth at all from afar, But who shall now dare, with Lord Salisbury there, To waken the clarion of war?

The friend of the "Colonies," Chamberlain's there, Joe Chamberlain, brightest of seers. Came I shake, Joseph, shake! May you long live to take Your honorable place with your peers.

And Balfour the bravest and loyalest knight Stands armed with the sword blade of speech, With Sir Harry James we may couple the names Of Hamilton, Gæchen and Beach.

And thus since our Empire's entrenched with success, Our sovereign illumined from heaven! Dominion and ocean will join in devotion Of Him who such good things has given.

August 11 1895. W. A. Sherwood

### A New Kind.

#### Texas

## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

## MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile or Palestine during 1895-96 will be unpreceded. Travellers should arrange their tours early in order to secure choice of berths and rooms. Sailing lists of all lines, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any of the following:

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## Short Stories Retold.

Dean Hale tells of an old fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of indignant excitement: "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was once at a reception, and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party were being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John; "in some places people take off their trousers as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."

Lady Spencer once asked Dr. Warren, her medical attendant, whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently imbibed by the reflection that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. The doctor thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he said, "be greatly in favor of satisfaction, and as an instance of this I trust I may have the pleasure of curing your ladyship forty times before killing you."

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry me home," and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

The lectures of a certain Oxford tutor were once reported to be "cut and dried." "Yes," said Prof. H. J. S. Smith, the witty mathematician, "dried by the tutor and cut by the men." A dispute arose at an Oxford dinner-table as to the comparative prestige of bishops and judges. The argument, as might be expected at a party of laymen, went in favor of the latter. "No," said Henry Smith, "for a judge can only say 'Hand you, but a bishop can say 'D—n you'." Speaking of an eminent scientific man, to whom he gave considerable praise, he said: "Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the editor and not the author of Nature."

A Newcastle bricklayer, who on the death of a relative had come into a fortune of a few hundred pounds, decided to set up as a master builder; and as a commencement entered into a contract to erect a small villa. The building was started, but our friend soon found that an employer's life is not one of unalloyed bliss. An old friend chanced to pass the house one morning, and was astonished to find his mate of other days wielding the trowel once more, and superintending him and the other workmen was a strange foreman. The following conversation ensued: "Why, Jack, lad! Who's this? As though ye was a gaffer now!" "Se as is, man; as is. But as syun fund as wi ne beossin' the men, as are determined to gan to wark agen mesel and as've hired yon chep to lyuk after us."

Bishop Simpson preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulation or uplifting of his voice; then, picturing the Son of God bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, he stooped, as if laden with an immeasurable burden, and rising to his full height he seemed to throw it from him, crying: "How far? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, then sank back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him, and knew that he had come to criticize, asked him, when the service was over: "Well, what do you think of the bishop's elocution?" "Elocution?" said he; "that man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

In a New York town, which has a colony of colored people, one big darkey was one day employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of a handsome estate. The master of the house was nowhere to be seen, and a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably

on the fence watching the operations. Another darky, driver for a physician living next door, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and then addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his buggy. "Dr. Wilson," he said solemnly, "dere's somebody dead at Massa Jones's, sartin sure." "Dead!" echoed the doctor; "no such thing, Caesar. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family." "Well, sah," said Caesar, pointing to the row of sable individuals hanging on the pickets, "if dere ain' nobody dead to Massa Jones's, sah, den w'at fer is all dis yer mournin' strung along de fence?"

At a small railway station in the hilly part of Alabama, an old man, carrying a carpet-bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first seat, the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started and they both looked eagerly from the window, and as the speed increased, a look of keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She grasped her husband's arm and said, in a voice plainly audible to those about her: "Joel, we be goin' awful quick. I know tain't safe." A few minutes later the train ran on to a long trestle. With a little shriek of terror the old lady sprang to her feet and seized the back of the seat in front of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Meantime the train sped onward and was soon once more on solid earth. The old lady was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness! She's lit again!"

## Between You and Me.

I WAS an unsuspected auditor at a discussion the other day, regarding the amount and quality of the deference paid by men to women in the United States, compared with Canada. "We are noted for our care for our Women, sir," said the American tourist, with a large emphasis, equal to a capital letter, on women. "Are you, now, innocently answered the Canadian, whose faint touch of brogue betrayed some Hibernian associations. "Well, we like our own girls to be well looked after, and maybe we have a way of doing it as constant and effective as yours, though we don't make such a parade of it." "You don't cultivate a chivalrous manner and a deferential attitude, as you should," said the American tourist judicially. "Well, we don't like too much affectation of that sort, I'll allow," agreed the Canadian. "Now, my wife positively suffers when she is escorted by an American of the full fledged, deferential variety. She objects to having him wheel about and bow like a *concierge* when he comes across her entering a doorway. She has a mortal detestation of his protective touch as he skips along beside her, when she crosses a crowded street, with his arm spread protectively behind her. She says he has been shooed across the road like a small gosling. She doesn't like him to take her parasol and open it and hold it up for her as she walks. The other day she almost scolded her best Yankee beau because he violently hurled an importunate newsworthy out of her path with such an expression of outraged chivalry that the newsboy laughed at him, even while he rubbed his bruises. In fact, our girls like men to be on hand to do things when they are asked, but any officious protective policy isn't acceptable. See?" The American took his cigar from his teeth with a good-natured smile. "Is that so?" was all he said to the Canadian.

"If I were you I wouldn't stand it," is quite a common prick of friendship's pin. But if you were I, you'd do just as I do, naturally. I think it is a most happy excuse, calculated to do one lots of good, to try sometimes to make "you" I. Anything that puts self in the background is salutary, and anything that considers and understands others is helpful. Next time you are exasperated for your much-tried or, in your esteem, over-complaisant friend, just give it a trial and see where you'd be—if you were someone else.

If you desire to make up your mind on the bloomer question and put all the pros and cons in a nutshell, you should take up your station at a front window opposite a fashionable church on a very rainy Sunday, such as we had this week, when the early day was bright and promising and the gathering of moisture aloft undecided enough to tempt the religious fair to risk getting home in their best clothes before the clouds fell. There was a crowd at the church, and as we sat watching the teeming rain the service concluded and the crowd began to emerge, with unwilling and tip-toe steps, with pretty hats and frocks and dainty white and tan shoes. As they passed on the other side maid and matron caught up their smart white skirts and quite unconsciously gave us an idea of what we must expect with bloomers. First there came a solid old dame, whose nether extremities were positively quite the same size from knee to ankles. The little lady gave us the keynote by crying, "Oh, my! there's a subject for bloomers." After that we watched with a purpose. Not everyone gave us the same chance to imagine them so arrayed, but of the dozens who did we took careful stock, and came to the unanimous decision that bloomers would not do. I am sure if people possessing pipe-stems for legs, or others whose calves roamed gaily down to their ankles, were to vote, as the boys say, "on their shape," and bloomers went and came by means of a plebeiate, we should not see them in our time and generation. No, never!

A little story in last week's papers ought to make many a heart throb in sympathy for a certain small boy, now an inmate of a prison cell. Did you read about him? How a mess age came to his jail from his home, telling him his father was dangerously ill; how the boy saved his extra ration of fat bacon from dinner, and therewith anointed himself from top to toe, and having passed out his clothes, wiggled himself through a tiny square hole in his cell door, dressed, and levanted, leaving word where he was to be found. The officer came after him and found him bathing the dear dad's forehead, and the heart of the law,

that is popularly supposed to be of cast iron, was softened at the boy's filial devotion, and for hours the good constable sat and waited for the little chap and then took him back to his cell. Apart from the nerve and cleverness of his escape, one sees the thoughtfulness of the message left as to his whereabouts, and, above all, the great love for the sick man that shines over all. And there's not much wrong with the boy who broke jail to nurse and comfort his dying father, and if anyone gets hold of him who knows the ways of boys and what they need to make the best of men, I fancy he'll find it in this urchin.

A charming sail and a quaint little port at the end of it was for me on Saturday when I took the Lakeside for Dalhousie. The wide beach over there is ideal this summer, for the lowness of the water has widened it many feet and one can wade away out. You know Dalhousie, with its row of little shops and dapper little red hotel all hung with trailing baskets of posies and green, and its ship's cabin, turned into a barbershop, that makes one always think of Barkus and Peggotty, somehow, and expect to see little Em'ly smiling from the queer doorway. There are lots of little Em'lys on the landing, as the Lakeside rises on the filling lock, until one steps ashore quite readily and is taken captive by somebody, and tucked into a dog-cart and borne away to the pretty home on the edge of the lake, where are harvest apples and funny stories and ever so many nice things for tea, and a vase full of fruit to be brought home, for one invariably spills the Egyptians on these raids!

LADY GAY.

## Out o' Sight.



Squeezin' Hardup—There's no use in buying a new straw hat. I'll rub this one with a little lemon and put it in the sun to bleach.



That's it. Now I'll leave it there for twenty minutes, and it will be "out o' sight."



Goat—Well, this is a dainty dish. Straw dashed with lemon. Yum-yum-yum!

(Copyrighted.)

## Odds and Ends of Fashion

**A** N infallible method of preserving the contour of a shapely throat is to gently massage every morning after one's bath. Ten minutes daily spent in massaging the throat, always being careful to rub inwardly toward the front under the chin, and never outwardly toward the back of the head, will in a short time produce astonishingly beneficial results. I speak with assurance, for I have tried it!

Hats are now worn in Paris at a decided angle. So next season we may prepare to tilt our *chapeaux* over our noses and forget we ever tried to balance those same troublesome articles on the last hair of our heads that would hold them furthest back from the nose it now becomes their duty to shield. And this only one short year ago! All the midsummer modes in millinery have a decided touch of autumn in the prevailing touches of black, which play so conspicuously and subduing a part on even the gayest creations. All-black hats are decided the most *chic* head-gear at the moment, and it is predicted their vogue is assured for the autumn and winter seasons.

The injurious effects of the tannin extracted from tea which is allowed to stand too long, have led to the introduction of many contrivances for the removal of the noxious portion of the otherwise harmless and necessary adjunct to our breakfast-tables. But the most effectual device which we have yet seen is the *Unicus* Tea Infuser, consisting of an ordinary spoon with a perforated cover—which not only entirely dispenses with the necessity for a teapot, but prevents the stale-boiled taste which is too often present with even recently infused tea. Only those who have used this clever little contrivance can guess the difference it makes. For holiday use—when a cup of decent tea in the hotel or lodgings, or when picnicking, is a priceless boon, the "Unicus" will be especially valuable. The makers of the "Unicus" have also introduced a mustache spoon—named the "Soupete"—which can be instantly attached to any dessert spoon, and keeps the mustache perfectly dry and clean during the despatch of soup, a benefit easily estimated by those to whom the first course at dinner has too often been a season of trial.

Our autumn dresses promise to be very smart and bright in coloring; the skirts are growing wider, but are cut on quite a new principle. Endless gores of the narrowest description form a wheel-like effect. There is no doubt that we can look forward to coats, and I am informed that visits will be in great request for elderly ladies. A pretty serviceable suit of that soft, subdued tint known as *vert-de-gris* consists of a coat and skirt. The trimming is a braiding of black and gold, and the coat is cut in rounded tabs, which are with us once more, not only round, but square and pointed. This is a morning or visiting dress, the quiet elegance of its build fitting it for almost any occasion. The coat is tight-fitting and has that exquisite sailor-made finish for which Peter Robinson is famous. Of a more elaborate and matronly type is a visiting dress in brown cloth trimmed with narrow passementerie of jet and steel. There is a stylish waistcoat of violet velvet, and the sleeves and shoulder capes are trimmed with bands of fox fur. A handsome buckle of oxidized silver clasps the waist, giving the required slenderness to the figure. A trim tailor made gray-green cloth has a skirt with oversewn seams, and a yellow cloth waistcoat with white pearl buttons. I counted ten gores in the skirt of this costume. The combination of gray and yellow cloth looks exceedingly smart. A Paris model was composed of one of the new winter *crepons* in black and green of an emerald shade, with a bodice of rich black silk. This bodice had a somewhat flat-fluted basque, lined with white satin, ending at the under-arm seams. The front had an emerald-green silk waistcoat with graduated cut-steel buckles. A skirt of white satin covered with cream guipure met the waistcoat half-way down the bodice, which had two curious square revers of white satin covered with guipure. The sleeves were more moderate than heretofore, and there was a new collar formed of square tabs to this dress. A blue cornflower cloth skirt and coat looked extremely stylish with bands of tan machine-stitched cloth on the skirt and coat. White pearl buttons were largely used on this costume.

It is certain that loose or semi-fitting and tight-fitting coats are to be worn this autumn and winter. Sleeves will be more moderate, and we are one more threatened with the coal-scuttle bonnet. Mantles are stationary. As the sales always form a true in fashion's progress, it is not easy to give more than the vaguest outlines as to what is being set in store for our winter's beautifying. Much white mohair galloon is used to strap the seams of alpacas for seaside wear. Braiding and colored "piping" are fashionable for sashes. Rose-pink piping and lining is most effective with blue or white serge.

A pretty bathing-dress is not easily to be met with. Of two pretty ones, the first is of dark blue serge, trimmed with white mohair braid. It is made in one, and confined to the waist by a deep belt striped with white mohair. White pearl buttons fasten the straps.

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It will not only give the stylish stiffness you desire, but will keep your skirts and sleeves in their original graceful outline till the garment is threshbare.

It is essential to a bathing gown, as the dampness will not injure its stiffness. But don't expect these good qualities in imitations. Find the red label with name and number on every yard of *Genuine Fibre Chamois*.

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August 17, 1895

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9



The Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists is being very much improved. The entrance is now at the east end instead of the west, and the lighting has been altered for the better. The class-rooms will also feel the benefit of the change.

No two pictures at the World's Fair received as much attention from the general public as Mr. Hovenden's *Breaking Home Ties* and Mr. G. A. Reid's *Foreclosure of the Mortgage*, and this, not so much from their artistic merits, which were great but still surpassed by many another there, as because they touched a deep chord of human feeling. One of Millet's tests of a picture, we are told, was whether it could be understood and felt by one outside the profession; its best technical qualities would necessarily be appreciated by an artist only. The first of these pictures above mentioned will be exhibited at the Toronto Industrial Fair of 1895; the last we all saw at the same exhibition of 1893.

In a notice of the Royal Academy exhibition of the current season, the London *Academy* says of one of the pieces of sculpture: "Mr. Bertram Mackennal's quotation, 'For she sitteth . . . on a seat in the high places of the city,' renders it unnecessary to characterize further the motive of his nude female figure seated on an elaborately adorned throne. A type of lust, as distinguished from the higher passion, she appears with proud and defiant mien, trampling winged love at her feet, and proffering to the by-stander the rose of sensual delight. This work is a curious example of that method which strives to render a conception imaginative, mainly by piling up strange, mystic adjuncts as a stimulus to the imagination."

In the same notice a bronze group, entitled *Mother and Child*, by Mr. George J. Frampton, is spoken of as "a bold attempt to obtain relief from monotony of color by placing the figure of a modern mother and her baby, realistically modeled in the round, against a background of higher toned copper, with a disc, enameled white, doing duty as a kind of halo around the mother's head. The effort to attain originality at any price is here much too apparent; and such originality as results, at the expense of beauty, is, after all, almost entirely on the surface." As to the sculpture generally, the critic says that while it is less in quantity than on any recent occasion, in quality it is above rather than below the average of the last two or three years.

The story is told of a worthy Mohammedan who, arrayed in the flowing Oriental garb, was walking the streets of Constantinople with his son, similarly attired, when a Frenchman, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, passed them. "Behold, my son," said the follower of the Prophet, "what you may become should you desert the faith of Islam, and become an infidel dog!" In this low opinion of the modern Occidental costume the eccentric Aubrey Beardsley evidently does not share.

"I consider," he says, "the average well-dressed Piccadilly loungers as beautiful a sight as you will see anywhere, and full of artistic correctness. He should be a far more enchanting sight to the modern artist's eye than, for example, one of the Elgin marbles. It is all nonsense to pretend a thorough understanding of Greek art, fine as its severity and repose, for no one knows how a Greek looked at these things, or, indeed, how they were produced."

After looking at Beardsley's marvelous creations in the *Yellow Book* and elsewhere, one experiences no surprise at his views on the "Piccadilly loungers'" attire.

A story told of Zorn by a friend of a sometime host of his is very characteristic of the man. The said host was an old gentleman whose head and beard were snowy white, and he was in the habit each morning after breakfast of reading the morning paper. After watching the picturesque old gentleman for several mornings very attentively as he sat in the morning sunshine in the dining-room, Zorn at last asked for painting materials (it was an artistic household and a household that had produced more than one artist), and seating himself on the floor, holding with one hand the drawing-board to which the canvas was pinned, and refusing to be made in the least degree more comfortable, he began work in his rapid, strong way, with the simplest of palettes. It was finished at the third short sitting, old gentleman, paper, sunshine and all—one of the best of his spirited portraits.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Outwitting the Boer.

Cape Town Paper.

A mining company of Cape Town had occasion to forward a twelve-horse power engine to one of their mines situated in the interior of Cape Colony, and appointed an enterprising American to take charge of it, together with the span of sixteen oxen the machinery was drawn by.

All went well until the warm regions were reached, when a difficulty arose as to pasture for the oxen. Arriving one evening at the farm of a Boer, the driver outspanned, and, without any permission whatever, drove his beasts of burden into the farmer's best clover field. At such French leave the anger of the Boer knew no bounds, and, rushing up to the innocent-looking driver, he threatened to deprive him of his life if the oxen were not immediately removed.

"Hold a moment, friend," remarked the driver. "Do you know who you are talking to?"

"No; and don't care a rap!" responded the farmer.

"Well, it's one of Oom Paul's Johannesburg warriors, in charge of a potent cannon, travelling on the quiet to the Kaffir war. And, see here! I'll let you into the secret construction



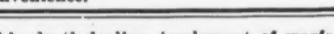
"T'was a Bicycle Parade. Thar certainly wuz a parade advertised in th' Daily Groudown. But I don't see it. Wonder where 'tis?"



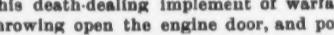
Mr. Spinner—Look out!



Miss Hummer—Excuse me, sir!



Smith and Brown—Beg pardon, sir!



Waah, I'll be darr. Now, I won't git tar see that parade after all.

Mr. Overleigh—I hope I've cause you no inconvenience.

On this death-dealing implement of warfare."

Throwing open the engine door, and pointing to the numerous boiler-tubes, "These barrels," explained the wily American, "are where the cartridges are placed; and to do deadly execution all that's necessary is just to fire up at the opposite end."

This satisfied the honest Boer as to the high military standing of his visitor, who, together with his oxen, fared on the best for that evening only.

Precaution.  
San Francisco Post.

In taking this aluminite of iron," continued the physician as he prescribed for a fair patient, "you must be careful not to get it on your teeth."

"Why so?" she enquired with mild surprise.

"Because it will decay them. Some take iron in capsules, but I think by taking it through a straw you can keep it from getting on your teeth."

"Well, now, doctor, suppose I should leave my teeth upstairs while I take the iron in the kitchen, do you think there would be any danger?"

"Well—er—no. I think that would be a reasonable precaution."

They All Laughed.  
Liverpool Mercury.

When arranging their list of club runs at the beginning of the season it is usual for cycling clubs to leave several dates open, and these appear on the fixture cards as "im-promptu."

At a meeting held by a newly formed Tyneside club one of the members was asked to nominate a place. "Wey, As think," said he, "that we might have a run to Impromtu; there's a lot o' clubs he runs to it."

And he wondered why they all laughed.

Couldn't See Them.

"Here we are, Maria!" he exclaimed gaily. "You wanted to see those seashore costumes you've read so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all around us."

"I see the bathers," she replied severely, "but where are the costumes?"

Hamlet in French.  
Harper's Round Table.

A story is told of three French boys who were reading a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

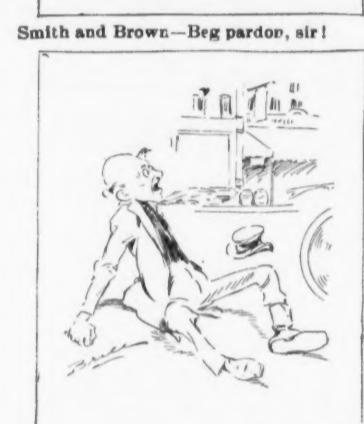
1. "To was or not to am."
2. "To were or is not."
3. "To should or not to will."

A Correction.

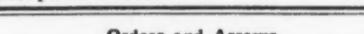
It is astonishing what misapprehension exists regarding the treatment for alcoholism at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. Many believe that the cure consists in dosing everything the patient consumes—food, drink and medicine—with whisky, until disgust and nausea are produced. Such illogical method never have and never will cure a liquor appetite. The Lakehurst treatment consists in the scientific application of remedies which neutralize the alcohol in the patient's system so completely that the awful craving for intoxicants is lost—forgotten. No other method can avail. Medical science can suggest no sounder method of cure. Full information, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.



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So we see that it isn't the climate that kills or saves; it is the condition of the digestion. If therefore your doctor orders you abroad for your health, tell him you will first try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

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Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, serops or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SOMETHING.—This is a very pleasant person with a good sense of humor, a merry disposition, a frank yet discreet manner, and an adaptable and sunny nature. Youth and energy are marked, and a desire to lead. This should be a fine woman when time has got in its work. Writer is somewhat of an idealist, but no weakness is shown. Considerable justice, love of beauty and a receptive mind are

pathy are concerned. We each really do, you know, only we prefer not to acknowledge it. Then, feeling this, the soul reaches out for its support and encouragement above the earth and mortals. Anything which forces it to do that is good. That is what is meant by the blessing of sorrow. What must you do? what shall you become? you ask me. Rather—what are you now? A self-conscious, self-absorbed, abnormally sensitive being, bound to make the beautiful hours a misery. Don't be an ass. Don't think only of yourself. Don't look always in the glass. Brace up, my dear. If I were not exasperated with your blindness, I should pity you truly. Don't dare to sneer at commonplace people, nor fancy yourself above them. The commonplace is just what we imagine. Nothing is commonplace to the spiritual eye. You are all wrong and unwholesome, and it's quite your own fault, as it always is in such cases. Write again. I want you to. Just as a great secret I will tell you that I've been there myself.

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"What's the matter?" asked the policeman; "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place to go!" replied Meandering Mike with contempt. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places to go to that it's worryin' me dizzy making up me mind which way to start."

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## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

## MEDITERRANEAN

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## Short Stories Retold.

Dean Hole tells of an old fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of indignant excitement: "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was once at a reception, and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party were being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John; "in some places people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."

Lady Spencer once asked Dr. Warren, her medical attendant, whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently imbibed by the reflection that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. The doctor thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he said, "be greatly in favor of satisfaction, and as an instance of this I trust I may have the pleasure of curing your ladyship forty times before killing you."

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry my home," and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

The lectures of a certain Oxford tutor were once reported to be "cut and dried." "Yes," said Prof. H. J. S. Smith, the witty mathematician, "dried by the tutor and cut by the men." A dispute arose at an Oxford dinner-table as to the comparative prestige of bishops and judges. The argument, as might be expected at a party of laymen, went in favor of the latter. "No," said Henry Smith, "for a judge can only say 'Hand you,' but a bishop can say 'D——n you.' Speaking of an eminent scientist he said: "Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the editor and not the author of Nature."

A Newcastle bricklayer, who on the death of a relative had come into a fortune of a few hundred pounds, decided to set up as a master builder; and as a commencement entered into a contract to erect a small villa. The building was started, but our friend soon found that an employer's life is not one of unalloyed bliss. An old friend chanced to pass the house one morning, and was astonished to find his mate of other days wielding the trowel once more, and superintending him and the other workmen was a strange foreman. The following conversation ensued: "Why, Jack, lad! Hoo's this? Aa thou't ye was a gaffer noo!" "Se as is, man; se as is. But as syun fund as wi ne use bosin' the men, se as detarned to gan to work agen' mesel and as've hired yon chep to lyuk after us."

Bishop Simpson preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulation or uplifting of his voice; then, picturing the Son of God bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, he stooped, as if laden with an insurmountable burden, and rising to his full height he seemed to throw it from him, crying: "How far? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, then sank back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him, and knew that he had come to criticize, asked him, when the service was over: "Well, what do you think of the bishop's elocution?" "Elocution?" said he; "that man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

In a New York town, which has a colony of colored people, one big darkey was one day employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of a handsome estate. The master of the house was nowhere to be seen, and a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably

on the fence watching the operations. Another darkey, driver for a physician living next door, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and then addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his buggy. "Dr. Wilson," he said solemnly, "dere's somebody dead at Mass Jones's, aartin sure." "Dead!" echoed the doctor; "no such thing, Caesar. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family." "Well, sah," said Caesar, pointing to the row of sable individuals hanging on the pickets, "if dere ain' nobody dead to Mass Jones's, sah, den w'at fer is all dis yer mournin' strung along de fence?"

At a small railway station in the hilly part of Alabama, an old man, carrying a carpet-bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first seat, the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started and they both looked eagerly from the window, and as the speed increased, a look of keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She grasped her husband's arm and said, in a voice plainly audible to those about her: "Joel, we be goin' awful quick. I know I ain't safe." A few minutes later the train ran on to a long trestle. With a little shriek of terror the old lady sprang to her feet and seized the back of the seat in front of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Meantime the train sped onward and was soon once more on solid earth. The old lady was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness! She's lit again!"

## Between You and Me.

WAS an unsuspected auditor at a discussion the other day, regarding the amount and quality of the deference paid by men to women in the United States, compared with Canada. "We are noted for our care for our Women, sir," said the American tourist, with large emphasis, equal to a capital letter, on women. "Are you, now," innocently answered the Canadian, whose faint touch of brogue betrayed some Hibernian associations. "Well, we like our own girls to be well looked after, and maybe we have a way of doing it as constant and effective as yours, though we don't make such a parade of it." "You don't cultivate a chivalrous manner and a deferential attitude, as you should," said the American tourist judicially. "Well, we don't like too much affection of that sort, I'll allow," agreed the Canadian. "Now, my wife positively suffers when she is escorted by an American of the full flaged, deferential variety. She objects to having him wheel about and bow like a *concierge* when he comes across her entering a doorway. She has a mortal detestation of his protective touch as he skips along beside her, when she crosses a crowded street, with his arm spread protectingly behind her. She says she won't be shooed across the road like a small gosling. She doesn't like him to take her parasol and open it and hold it up for her as she walks. The other day she almost scolded her best Yankee beau because he violently hurled an importunate newsboy out of her path with such an expression of outraged chivalry that the newsboy laughed at him, even while he rubbed his bruises. In fact, our girls like men to be on hand to do things when they are asked, but any officious protective policy isn't acceptable. See?" The American took his cigar from his teeth with a good-natured smile. "Is that so?" was all he said to the Canadian.

"If I were you I wouldn't stand it," is quite a common prick of friendship's pin. But if you were I, you'd do just as I do, naturally. I think it is a most happy excuse, calculated to do one lots of good, to try sometimes to make "you" I. Anything that puts self in the background is salutary, and anything that considers and understands others is helpful. Next time you are exasperated for your much-tried or, in your esteem, over-complaisant friend, just give it a trial and see where you'd be—if you were someone else.

If you desire to make up your mind on the bloomer question and put all the pros and cons in a nutshell, you should take up your station at a front window opposite a fashionable church on a very rainy Sunday, such as we had this week, when the early day was bright and promising and the gathering of moisture aloft destined enough to tempt the religious fair to risk getting home in their best clothes before the clouds fell. There was a crowd at the church, and as we sat watching the teeming rain the service concluded and the crowd began to emerge, with unwilling and tip-toe steps, with pretty hats and frocks and dainty white and tan shoes. As they passed on the other side maid and matron caught up their smart white skirts and quite unconsciously gave us an idea of what we must expect with bloomers. First there came a solid old dame, whose nether extremities were positively quite the same size from knees to ankles. The little lady gave us the keynote by crying, "Oh, my! there's a subject for bloomers." After that we watched with a purpose. Not everyone gave us the same chance to imagine them so arrayed, but of the dozens who did we took careful stock, and came to the unanimous decision that bloomers would not do. I am sure if people possessing pipe-stems for legs, or others whose calves roamed gallantly down to their ankles, were to vote, as the boys say, "on their shape," and bloomers went and came by means of a pleisite, we should not see them in our time and generation. No, never!

A little story in last week's papers ought to make many a heart throb in sympathy for a certain small boy, now an inmate of a prison cell. Did you read about him? How a mess age came to his jail from his home, telling him his father was dangerously ill; how the boy saved his extra ration of fat bacon from dinner, and therewith anointed himself from top to toe, and having passed out his clothes, wiggled himself through a tiny square hole in his cell door, dressed, and levanted, leaving word where he was to be found. The officer came after him and found him bathing the dear dad's forehead, and the heart of the law,

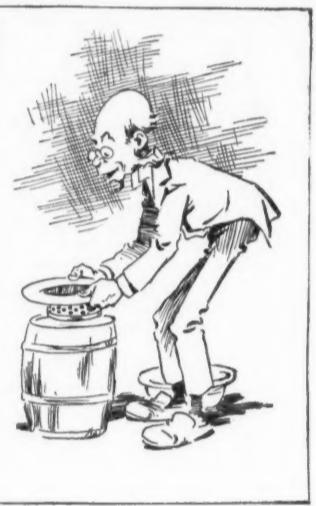
that is popularly supposed to be of cast iron, was softened at the boy's filial devotion, and for hours the good constable sat and waited for the little chap and then took him back to his cell. Apart from the nerve and cleverness of his escape, one sees the thoughtfulness of the message left as to his whereabouts, and, above all, the great love for the sick man that shines over all. And there's not much wrong with the boy who broke jail to nurse and comfort his dying father, and if anyone gets hold of him who knows the ways of boys and what they need to make the best of men, I fancy he'll find it in this urchin.

A charming sail and a quaint little port at the end of it was for me on Saturday when I took the Lakeside for Dalhousie. The wide beach over there is ideal this summer, for the lowness of the water has widened it many feet and one can wade away out. You know Dalhousie, with its row of little shops and dapper little red hotel all hung with trailing baskets of posies and green, and its ship's cabin, turned into a barber shop, that makes one always think of Barkus and Peggy, somehow, and expect to see little Em'ly smiling from the queer doorway. There are lots of little Em'lys on the landing, as the Lakeside rises on the filling dock, until one steps ashore quite readily and is taken captive by somebody, and tucked into a dog-cart and borne away to the pretty home on the edge of the lake, where are harvest apples and funny stories and ever so many nice things for tea, and a valise full of fruit to be brought home, for one invariably spoils the Egyptians on these raids! LADY GAY.

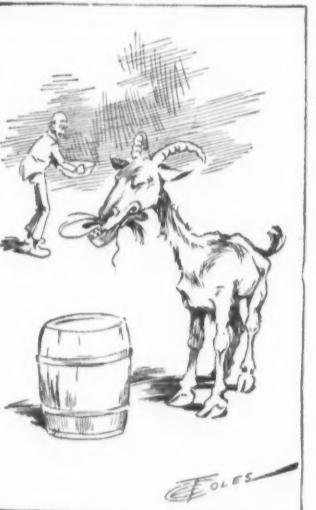
## Out o' Sight.



Squeez'r Hardup—There's no use in buying a new straw hat. I'll rub this one with a little lemon and put it in the sun to bleach.



That's it. Now I'll leave it there for twenty minutes, and it will be "out o' sight."



Goat—Well, this is a dainty dish. Straw dashed with lemon. Yum-yum-yum!

(Copyrighted.)

## Odds and Ends of Fashion

**A**N infallible method of preserving the contour of a shapely throat is to gently massage every morning after one's bath. Ten minutes daily spent in massaging the throat, always being careful to rub inwardly toward the front under the chin, and never outwardly toward the back of the head, will in a short time produce astonishingly beneficial results. I speak with assurance, for I have tried it!

Ha's are now worn in Paris at a decided angle. So next season we may prepare to tit our *chapeaux* over our noses and forget we ever tried to balance those same troublesome articles on the last hair of our heads that would hold them furthest back from the nose. It now becomes their duty to shield. And this one short year ago! All the midsummer modes in millinery have a decided touch of autumn in the prevailing touches of black, which play so conspicuous and subduing a part on even the gayest creations. All-black hats are decidedly the most *chic* head-gears at the moment, and it is predicted their vogue is assured for the autumn and winter seasons.

The injurious effects of the tannin extracted from tea which is allowed to stand too long, have led to the introduction of many contrivances for the removal of the noxious portion of the otherwise harmless and necessary adjunct to our breakfast-tables. But the most effectual device which we have yet seen is the *Unicus* Tea Infuser, consisting of an ordinary spoon with a perforated cover—which not only entirely dispenses with the necessity for a teapot, but prevents the stale-boiled taste which is too often present with even recently infused tea. Only those who have used this clever little contrivance can guess the difference it makes. For holiday use—when a cup of decent tea in the hotel or lodgings, or when picnicking, is a priceless boon, the *Unicus* will be especially valuable. The makers of the *Unicus* have also introduced a mustache spoon—named the "Soupette"—which can be instantly attached to any dessert spoon, and keeps the mustache perfectly dry and clean during the despatch of soup, a benefit easily estimated by those to whom the first course at dinner has too often been a season of trial.

Our autumn dresses promise to be very smart and bright in coloring; the skirts are growing wider, but are cut on quite a new principle. Endless gores of the narrowest description form a wheel-like effect. There is no doubt that we can look forward to coats, and I am informed that visits will be in great request for elderly ladies. A pretty serviceable suit of that soft, subdued kind known as *vert-de-gris* consists of a coat and skirt. The trimming is a braiding of black and gold, and the coat is cut in rounded tabs, which are with us once more, not only round, but square and pointed. *Tais* is a morning or visiting dress, the quiet elegance of its build fitting it for almost any occasion. The coat is tight-fitting and has that exquisite tailor-made finish for which Peter Robinson is famous. *O'* a more elaborate and matronly type is a visiting dress in brown cloth trimmed with a narrow passementerie of jet and steel. There is a stylish waistcoat of violet velvet, and the sleeves and shoulder capes are trimmed with bands of fox fur. A handsome buckle of oxidized silver clasps the waist, giving the required slenderness to the figure. A trim tailor made gray-green cloth has a skirt with oversewn seams, and a yellow cloth waistcoat with white pearl buttons. I counted ten gores in the skirt of this costume. The combination of gray and yellow cloth looks exceedingly smart. A Paris model was composed of one of the new winter *crepons* in black and green of an emerald shade, with a bodice of rich black silk. This bodice had a somewhat deep-fluted basque, lined with white satin, ending at the under-arm seams. The front had an emerald-green silk waistcoat with graduated cut-steel buckles. A shirt of white satin covered with cream guipure met the waistcoat half-way down the bodice, which had two curious square revers of white satin covered with guipure. The sleeves were more moderate than heretofore, and there was a new collar formed of square tabs to this dress. A blue cornflower cloth skirt and coat looked extremely stylish with bands of tan machine-stitched cloth on the skirt and coat. White pearl buttons were largely used on this costume.

It is certain that loose or semi-fitting and tight-fitting coats are to be worn this autumn and winter. Sleeves will be more moderate, and we are once more threatened with the coal-scuttle bonnet. Mantles are stationary. As the sales always form a true in fashion's progress, it is not easy to give more than the vaguest outlines as to what is being set in store for our winter's beautifying. Much white mohair galloon is used to strap the seams of alpacas for seaside wear. Braiding and colored "piping" are fashionable for serges. Rose-pink piping and lining is most effective with blue or white serge.

A pretty bathing-dress is not easily to be met with. Of two pretty ones, the first is of dark blue serge, trimmed with white mohair braid. It is made in one, and confined to the waist by a deep belt striped with white mohair. White pearl buttons fasten the straps.

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It will not only give the stylish stiffness you desire, but will keep your skirts and sleeves in their original graceful outline till the garment is threadbare.

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to make up costumes with perishable interlining

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and a blue and white washing silk handkerchief is coquettishly fastened in the hair. The next was of red "anacante," or thin serge, and the trimming consists of white braiding. The Swiss belt is boned to support the figure. Every costume *de bain* should have one of the boned belts, as they produce a trim figure that looks very effective.

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Self-Respect.  
N. Y. Weekly.

Mistress (reproving)—I saw you throwing slops out the back door to-day.

New Girl (with dignity)—I wouldn't live with a family wot throwed 'em out th' front door, mum.</

August 17, 1895

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9



The Art Gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists is being very much improved. The entrance is now at the east end instead of the west, and the lighting has been altered for the better. The class-rooms will also feel the benefit of the change.

No two pictures at the World's Fair received as much attention from the general public as Mr. Hovenden's Breaking Home Ties and Mr. G. A. Reid's Foreclosure of the Mortgage, and this, not so much from their artistic merit, which were great but still surpassed by many another there, as because they touched a deep chord of human feeling. One of Millet's tests of a picture, we are told, was whether it could be understood and felt by one outside the profession; its best technical qualities would necessarily be appreciated by an artist only. The first of these pictures above mentioned will be exhibited at the Toronto Industrial Fair of 1895; the last we all saw at the same exhibition of 1893.

In a notice of the Royal Academy exhibition of the current season, the London Academy says of one of the pieces of sculpture: "Mr. Bertram Mackennal's quotation, 'For she sitteth . . . on a seat in the high places of the city' renders it unnecessary to characterize further the motive of his nude female figure seated on an elaborately adorned throne. A type of lust, as distinguished from the higher passion, she appears with proud and defiant men, trampling winged love at her feet, and proffering to the by-stander the rose of sensual delight. This work is a curious example of that method which strives to render a conception imaginative, mainly by piling up strange, mystic adjuncts as a stimulus to the imagination."

In the same notice a bronze group, entitled Mother and Child, by Mr. George J. Frampton, is spoken of as "a bold attempt to obtain relief from monotony of color by placing the figure of a modern mother and her baby, realistically modeled in the round, against a background of higher toned copper, with a disc, enameled white, doing duty as a kind of halo around the mother's head. The effort to attain originality at any price is here much too apparent; and such originality as results, at the expense of beauty, is, after all, almost entirely on the surface." As to the sculpture generally, the critic says that while it is less in quantity than on any recent occasion, in quality it is above rather than below the average of the last two or three years.

The story is told of a worthy Mohammedan who, arrayed in the flowing Oriental garb, was walking the streets of Constantinople with his son, similarly attired, when a Frenchman, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, passed them. "Behold, my son," said the follower of the Prophet, "what you may become should you desert the faith of Islam, and become an infidel dog!" In this low opinion of the modern Occidental costume the eccentric Aubrey Beardsley evidently does not share. "I consider," he says, "the average well-dressed Piccadilly lounging as beautiful a sight as you will see anywhere, and full of artistic correctness. He should be a far more enchanting sight to the modern artist's eye than, for example, one of the Elgin marbles. It is all nonsense to pretend a thorough understanding of Greek art, fine as its severity and repose, for no one knows how a Greek looked at these things, or, indeed, how they were produced." After looking at Beardsley's marvelous creations in the *Yellow Book* and elsewhere, one experiences no surprise at his views on the "Piccadilly loungers" attire.

A story told of Zorn by a friend of a some-time host of his is very characteristic of the man. The said host was an old gentleman whose head and beard were snowy white, and he was in the habit each morning after breakfast of reading the morning paper. After watching the picturesque old gentleman for several mornings very attentively as he sat in the morning sunshine in the dining-room, Zorn at last asked for painting materials (it was an artistic household and a household that had produced more than one artist), and seating himself on the floor, holding with one hand the drawing-board to which the canvas was pinned, and refusing to be made in the least degree more comfortable, he began work in his rapid, strong way, with the simplest of palettes. It was finished at the third short sitting, old gentleman, paper, sunshine and all—one of the best of his spirited portraits.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

## Cutting the Boer.

Cape Town Paper.

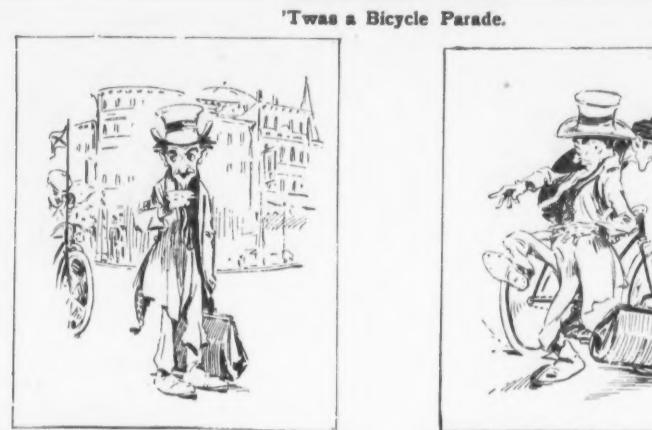
A mining company of Cape Town had occasion to forward a twelve-horse power engine to one of their mines situated in the interior of Cape Colony, and appointed an enterprising American to take charge of it, together with the span of sixteen oxen the machinery was drawn by.

All went well until the warm regions were reached, when a difficulty arose as to pasture for the oxen. Arriving one evening at the farm of Boer, the driver outspanned, and, without any permission whatever, drove his beasts of burden into the farmer's best clover field. At such French leave the anger of the Boer knew no bounds, and, rushing up to the innocent-looking driver, he threatened to deprive him of his life if the oxen were not immediately removed.

"Hold a moment, friend," remarked the driver. "Do you know who you are talking to?"

"No; and don't care a rap!" responded the farmer.

"Well, it's one of Oom Paul's Johannesburg warriors, in charge of a patent cannon, travelling on the quiet to the Kaffir war. And, see here! I'll let you into the secret construction



"Thar certain wuz a parade advertised in the 'Daily Growdown. But I don't see it. Wonder where 'tis?"



Mr. Spinner—Look out!



Miss Hummer—Excuse me, sir!



Mr. Overleigh—I hope I've cause you no inconvenience.



Waal, I'll be darn. Now, I won't git ter see that parade after all.

of this death-dealing implement of warfare." Throwing open the engine door, and pointing to the numerous boiler-tubes, "These barrels," explained the wily American, "are where the cartridges are placed; and to do deadly execution all that's necessary is just to fire up at the opposite end."

This satisfied the honest Boer as to the high military standing of his visitor, who, together with his oxen, fared on the best for that evening only.

## Precaution.

San Francisco Post.

"In taking this albuminate of iron," continued the physician as he prescribed for a fair patient, "you must be careful not to get it on your teeth."

"Why so?" she enquired with mild surprise.

"Because it will decay them. Some take iron in capsules, but I think by taking it through a straw you can keep it from getting on your teeth."

"Well, now, doctor, suppose I should leave my teeth upstairs while I take the iron in the kitchen, do you think there would be any danger?"

"Well—er—no. I think that would be a reasonable precaution."

## They All Laughed.

Liverpool Mercury.

When arranging their list of club runs at the beginning of the season it is usual for cycling clubs to leave several dates open, and these appear on the fixture cards as "impromptu."

At a meeting held by a newly formed Tyneside club one of the members was asked to nominate a place. "Wey, As thlnk," said he, "that we might hev a run te Impromptu; there's a lot o' clubs hev runs to it."

And he wondered why they all laughed.

## Couldn't See Them.

"Here we are, Maria!" he exclaimed gaily. "You wanted to see those seashore costumes you've read so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all around us."

"I see the bathers," she replied severely, "but where are the costumes?"

## Hamlet in French.

Harpa's Round Table.

A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

1. "To was or not to am."
2. "To were or is to not."
3. "To should or not to will."

## A Correction.

It is astonishing what misapprehension exists regarding the treatment for alcoholism at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. Many believe that the cure consists in dosing everything the patient consumes—food, drink and medicine—with whisky, until disgust and nausea is produced. Such illogical methods never have and never will cure a liquor appetite. The Lakehurst method consists in the scientific application of remedies which neutralize the alcohol in the patient's system completely, that the awful craving for intoxication is lost, forgotten. No other method can avail. Medical science can suggest no sounder method of cure. Full information, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.



Mr. Spinner—Look out!

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## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological work sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, serums or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SOMETHING.—This is a very pleasant person with a good sense of humor, a merry disposition, a frank yet discreet manner, and an adaptable and sunny nature. Youth and energy are marked, and a desire to lead. This should be a fine woman when time has got in its work. Writer is somewhat of an idealist, but no weakness is shown. Considerable justice, love of beauty and a receptive mind are

pathy are concerned. We each really do, you know, only we prefer not to acknowledge it. Then, feeling this, the soul reaches out for its support and encouragement above the earth and mortals. Anything which forces us to do that is good. That is what is meant by the blessing of sorrow. What must you do? what shall you become? you ask me. Rather—what are you now? A self-conscious, self-absorbed, abnormally sensitive being, bound to make the beautiful a misery. Don't be an ass. Don't think only of yourself. Don't look always in the glass. Brace up, my dear. If I were not exasperated with your blindest, I should play you truly. Don't dare to sneer at commonplace people, nor fancy yourself above them. The commonplace is just what we imagine. Nothing is commonplace to the spiritual eye. You are all wrong and unwholesome, and it's quite your own fault, as it always is in such cases. Write again. I want you to. Just as a great secret I will tell you that I've been there myself.

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is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

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"What's the matter?" asked the policeman: "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place ter go!" replied Meandering Mike with contempt: "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go to dat it's worryin' me dizzy making up me mind which way to start."

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## Music.

**I**T is more than probable that the coming musical season will be as rich in musical attractions as the past year proved the reverse. Already there are rumors that grand opera on a scale of magnificence to which Toronto has not been accustomed, will be a strong feature of the approaching year's engagements in this city. Humperdinck's beautiful and remarkably successful opera, *Haensel and Gretel*, is to be given by a splendid company under the musical direction of Herr Anton Seidl. The Damrosch German Opera Company will also probably give a series of performances in Toronto. Should these events materialize they will constitute red letter days in the musical history of this musical city. Ondricek, the celebrated Bohemian violinist, and Marsick, the famous professor of the violin at the Paris Conservatoire, are also spoken of, besides a number of prominent foreign pianists and vocalists and minor attractions. The revival in business on the other side of the border appears already to be influencing the matter of musical enterprises on a large scale, and the improved prospects generally are tempting an unusually strong array of eminent solo artists to try their fortunes in the New World for the season now approaching. Of local events there will probably be the usual concerts of the Toronto Philharmonic, Mendelssohn Choir and the Toronto Male Chorus Club, besides the promised concerts by Signor d'Auria's new orchestra, Herr Klingenberg's Symphony Orchestra, and the usual numerous benevolent society, college and church concerts which contribute so important a share to the musical life of the city from season to season. Several other local ventures are, I believe, being planned and discussed, but up to the present these have not taken on sufficiently definite form to note them here.

At a special meeting of the London, Eng. Musical Association, held several weeks ago in the great metropolis in honor of a large party of American musicians who are now touring through Europe, Sir John Stainer delivered an eloquent address of welcome, in which a number of statements were made which are worthy of reproduction in this column as having a local application. After several complimentary allusions concerning the good work which is being done on this side of the Atlantic in the development of music, the genial English musician said: "We English church musicians know no greater compliment, no higher reward for our labors than to see our names appearing on the music lists of your churches and places of worship. We are most anxious that you should receive from us and carry on in its integrity the pure traditions of church music, a branch of art so peculiarly national to us, but also so essentially a need of English speaking races. I feel it my duty here to plead for the preservation and culture of the anthem, a form of composition whose existence in England is at present seriously jeopardized by a strong wave of congregationalism. I can see no reason why a trained choir and a hearty congregation should not both find room for the exercise of their religious worship and musical gifts in the same building; but this moderate and common-sense view does not satisfy congregational agitators; they desire to expel all trained musicians from our churches. If the anthem should lose its hold in England, I pray you to make it your adopted child. You are too sensible to imagine that it is merely an ingenious contrivance for 'showing off' trained voices. You know that it has in itself the power of teaching impressively and bringing home to the inmost heart the highest truths of religion." The above thoughts are earnestly recommended to some of our local hot-headed Puritans who fancy they see the work of the devil one in the special music of church choirs as exemplified in the beautiful compositions referred to by Sir John Stainer, who is himself one of the most earnest and successful of contemporary church composers.

The encore nuisance is spoken of in the following language in a recent issue of the London *Musical News*: "Encores are becoming less popular than they once were, and in time they may be expected to become extinct. It will be well when they have died out, for they frequently have been impertinences. They disarrange the programme, give undue prominence to items which please the rowdier members of the audience, and are of little value as any criterion of the merit of the performance. It is only necessary that encores should be recognized to be bad etiquette; and every refusal to yield to the importunity of the audience tends in the right direction."

In view of the expected visit of Herr Rosenthal, the phenomenal pianist, to America during the coming year, the following extract from a London, Eng. journal will make interesting reading: "The piano forte recitals by Rosenthal on Monday evening, and Paderewski on Tuesday afternoon, afforded an interesting opportunity for drawing comparisons. Paderewski's audience was quite one-third larger than Rosenthal's, as his name is as yet a better one to conjure with when dealing with a public which loves old favorites both in compositions and in performers. The average concert-goer likes to feel safe, just as a novice prefers paintings by artists of established position to the risk of expressing opinions, which may be wrong, concerning new pictures by unknown men. So at present Paderewski has the start of Rosenthal with our London audiences. Even if this were otherwise, we doubt if the latter would ever prove as attractive to the female element, which forms a large part of the ecclesiastical audiences, as his Polish rival. As far as we know he is not a widower, he does not possess a mop of tawny hair, there has been no nonsense talked about soda water and cigarettes as staple sustenance, and his appearance is that of a good-looking healthy young man of remarkably fine physique. Paderewski is, on the contrary, what is termed 'interesting.' This distinction dominates to a large extent their playing powers. Paderewski's performances possess an 'atmosphere,' as a critic remarked to us after Tuesday's recital, and this 'atmosphere' belongs more to his person than to



What we may expect to see next summer when the bicycle girl goes bathing. (Copyrighted)

his playing; a listener is unwittingly impressed by his dreamy manner and far-away look. Rosenthal is more masculine, owes nothing to mannerisms or romantic stories, and conquers by sheer ability and physical strength. His readings seem to us bolder and broader than those of Paderewski; and altogether, up to the present, we are decidedly impressed in his favor. Another, or several more hearings, however, will be necessary to confirm this opinion, which we only give as an impression, not as a judgment."

The trustees of the Chicago Orchestral Association, of which Mr. Theodore Thomas is musical director, have completed a collection of facts and figures showing the condition of the society at the present time. From the report it appears that the total expenditure for the maintenance of the orchestra during the past year exceeded the receipts by nearly \$35,000. The deficit last year footed up to over \$50,000. The number of musicians employed in the Chicago orchestra is never less than eighty-three, and on special occasions the orchestra numbers as many as ninety-five players. The total number of paid admission during the past season was 82,300, against 68,500 for the previous year. This showing is considered quite satisfactory by the directors, and steps are being taken to make the organization stronger than ever during the coming year.

Mme. Caloe, the remarkable operatic vocalist who, as Carmen, captivated New York during the grand opera season of 1893-94, returns to America in November to fill another engagement with the Abbey-Grau company at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Caloe expresses her intention of going to Bayreuth next season in order to learn more of the great Wagnerian music dramas.

Mr. Edward Fisher, accompanied by Mrs. Fisher, is spending the balance of his summer vacation in the Adirondacks. During Mr. Fisher's absence Mr. Patton of Montreal is supplying at the organ of St. Andrew's church.

Writing to Mr. Bowles' removal to Montreal, the position of organist at St. James' cathedral will be left vacant. Several names of prominent local organists are being spoken of as possible successors to Mr. Bowles. The question of this appointment, which is an important one, is awakening considerable interest in local musical circles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt are visiting friends and relatives at various points in Western Ontario and the Northern Lakes. Mr. Percy Pascoe of Woodstock, a pupil of Mr. Vogt, is acting as substitute at the organ of Jarvis street Baptist church during the absence of his teacher.

The directors of that most conservative and grandmotherly of famous musical institutions, the London Philharmonic, have finally decided upon the adoption of the diapason normal-French pitch—at future concerts of that organization. It is believed that this action on the part of the premier orchestral society of England will prove beneficial to the cause of music throughout the entire country and will be specially advantageous to solo artists, both vocal and instrumental. The organ in Queen's Hall is to be altered in conformity with this decision.

Moderato.

Told By Fitz Lee.  
Court-Journal.  
Fitzhugh Lee doesn't mind telling a story even if it is on him. At the close of the war he was at the head of the cavalry, and these were much envied by the infantrymen, who had to walk through the mud and dust. After General Robert E. Lee had surrendered General Fitzhugh Lee rode away from Appomattox. While riding through a lane he met an old North Carolina soldier.

"Ho, there!" cried General Lee, "where are you going?"

"I've been off on a furlough and am now going back to join General Bob Lee," replied the old soldier.

"You needn't go back, but can throw your gun away and go back home, for Lee's surrendered."

"Lee's surrendered?"

"That's what I said," said General Lee.

"It must have been that d—d Fitz Lee, then. Bob Lee would never surrender," and the soldier put on a look of contempt and walked on.

The Little Trials of Life.

Pock.  
Carrie—Of course, I couldn't avoid hearing part of the conversation.

Clara—No; and what a pity you were not able to hear the rest of it!

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## ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

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About \$35,000 are being spent this summer in new buildings, new steam heating, electric lighting, etc., placing the college pretty far in advance of that of any similar institution in this country. Through the efforts of students in university and departmental examinations. The musical department is on a thorough conservatory basis, and is being strengthened by the addition of a new pipe organ, to be driven by electricity. The Fine Art, Education and Commercial Departments are equally well.

College will Re-open on Sept. 9.  
Send for Calendar or apply at once for room to  
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WILL RE-OPEN after the Summer Holidays

On Monday, September 9th, 1895

For the reception of resident pupils.

The classes will assemble in the public hall of the College on Tuesday, September 10th, at 10 a.m., when all pupils, including those from distant provinces, are expected to be present.

For all particulars and for prospectus apply to John Park, M.A., or the Bursar, or to the Bursar, Dear Park P. O., Oak.

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Principal, MISS GRACE FAIRLEY, M.A., Edinburgh.

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September 10th, 1895.

The Institute buildings are situated on the municipal side overlooking the City. The spacious grounds are attractively laid out and the surroundings are not only beautiful but very healthful.

For cost of Prospectus and other information apply to the principal, at the Institute, or to

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POINTS TO BE NOTED—(a) The Faculty consists of specialists trained in European schools and Toronto University. (b) Resident pupils in Instrumental and Vocal Culture, while profiting from the social life in the college, have equal advantages with those in the conservatory. (c) The curriculum in English and Mathematics is in line with Toronto. (d) Fees moderate for advantages afforded. (e) College opens Sept. 4, '95. For new and illustrated calendar address MRS. MARY ROLLS, Lady Principal.

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Prepares for University Matriculation. Resident French and German Governesses. Fees for resident pupils, \$250 per annum, with entrance fee, \$12. Discount for sisters and for daughters of clergymen.

The School will re-open (D.V.) after

August 17, 1895

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

## Social and Personal.

Dunlop is making a beautiful display of roses this week. Orders from all over Canada and even from the States attest the appreciation of his skill by a beauty-loving people.

Mr. Herbert B. Carter, who has made many friends during his stay in Toronto, was on Wednesday evening presented with a handsome diamond locket and chain by his friends and *confidantes* in the C.P.R. ticket office and elsewhere. Mr. Carter left on Thursday for Minneapolis, where he has accepted a good position.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the new G.T.R. president, has come to Canada to "see for himself."

The Wanderers' Bicycle meet on August 24 is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and is to be held over at Hanlan's on what is claimed to be the fastest track in the world. The Island people say they can give seating accommodation to seven thousand people, and the Wanderers are going to give them a day's work at it. Seats are to be had at 77 Yonge street. Mr. Joseph Goodman, who controls several of the greatest racing teams in the States, writes to the club as follows: "You can readily figure on thirty-five of American Class B riders. I have nothing to do with Morgan and Wright team, but Mr. Herrick, their manager, tells me that they will be at the Wanderers' race. This team consists of the following star riders: Gardiner, Coulter, Zeigler, DeCary, Bainbridge and Scott. I will send you on August 15 the entries of all teams under my management."

A very pleasant Island function is the Yacht Club dance every Monday over at the Island quarters of the club.

The sad death of Mrs. Ogden Jones, who as Miss Morris, and during her short married life, was a very sweet and charming member of Toronto society, cast a shadow on many bright days last week. The sympathies of all are with her devoted husband and the relatives who mourn her early decease, especially her mother, Mrs. Morris, whose affection for her daughter was a by-word among her intimate friends.

Mr. E. R. Dewart of the Bank of Commerce arrived home last week from a ten weeks' trip to Europe.

Mr. Fred W. Boustead has returned from his holiday trip to Muskoka Lakes, greatly improved in health.

Mr. T. Sargent of Avenue road left last Saturday for Buffalo and Philadelphia to spend a few days visiting old friends.

Dr. E. K. Richardson of Flesherton has received the appointment of resident physician at the Sick Children's Hospital and has entered upon his duties.

Master Herbie Reid of Borden street has been spending his holidays with Mrs. Mulheron of Barrie.

Mrs. James Carruthers returned home this week.

Miss Flo O'Donnell of Grange avenue returned on Monday after spending six weeks with friends in Buffalo.

The much discussed marriage of Sir William Howland and Mrs. James Bethune took place at the residence of the bride-elect on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock. Sir William and Lady Howland have gone west on their wedding tour and will not be home for some weeks. I believe they will live at 125 Bedford road, where Lady Howland formerly resided.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, left this week for a couple of months' visit to London and Paris.

A marriage between a fair divorcee, once an admired member of society in this city, and an English gentleman was one of the subjects of comment among smart people this week. The ceremony took place in St. George's, Hanover Square, very quietly.

Miss Maud Burgers of Pineview Cottage, Mimico, is visiting Miss Effie Noughton of Thornhill.

A pleasant event occurred at the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, on Wednesday evening, when Mr. J. B. Spurr, son of the late Mr. James Frederick Spurr, lawyer, of Scarborough, York, Eng., and managing editor of the county paper, the *Leader and Recorder*, was married to Emma A. Manning, youngest daughter of Mr. James Manning of Rose Hill, Bond Head. The bride was dressed in cream crepon and carried a bouquet of white roses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. Bernard Bryan, after which a reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frederick Smith of 380 Parliament street. The newly wedded pair will take up their residence at Deer Park.

A most enjoyable progressive euchre party was given by the guests of the Strawberry Island Hotel on Friday of last week. The tables were arranged in a circle, and the pavilion where the entertainment was held was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns and flowers. After the prizes had been awarded light refreshments were served, and a most delightful evening was brought to a close by an impromptu dance.

Among the passengers on the Clyde Line steamship Seminole from Florida were: Miss Dick, Mrs. Alexander Colin Campbell and Master Archie Campbell. Mrs. Campbell will spend several months with her brother, Mr. Walter Dick of St. Joseph street.

Miss Daikera, who has been summering at Barrie, leaves for Muskoka next week, where she will spend the remainder of the month before returning to Toronto for the winter.

Mrs. and Miss Abercrombie are visiting Mrs. R. D. Lundy of Springhurst avenue.

Mrs. Harry B. Somers of 3 Bellevue place after spending a few weeks in Boston met her

## TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

## MERRY OPENING OF THE SEASON

EXTRA MATINEE | MONDAY, AUGUST 19 | CIVIC HOLIDAY

Regular Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

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LOTTIE MOORE CORA CARLISLE  
EMMA BERGE CLAIRE KENDALL  
GILBERT LEAROCK LILLIAN MAYNARD  
INEZ RAE EIFFE KAMMAN

WEEK AUGUST 26—"Delmonico's at 6."

friend, Mrs. E. F. Stewart, in New York. After spending a delightful time in New York, Ocean Grove, N. J., and Freeport, Long Island, where they were the guests of Judge Mallan, the ladies returned to Stroudsburg, Penn., where they are visiting with Mrs. D. Wesley Lee. Stroudsburg is a beautiful town situated in close proximity to Mount Pocono and the Blue Mountains.

All sorts of people are on bicycles! A flock of small girls, like a parcel of white pigeons, were skimming down Yonge street and fluttered about among the trolleys in a most amazing way on Tuesday. These were followed by two Q.C.'s and a person in a long-tailed coat, and the rear was brought up by a Chinaman clad in a bluish white shirt and breeches and white cork shoes, and with his

long black pigtail neatly tucked under his right arm.

## Residence For Sale

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Wait for the Wanderers'

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23rd and 24th AUGUST

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Fastest American and Canadian riders will compete.

Admission—Friday afternoon, 25c, and Saturday afternoon, 25c, 10s and 75c. Reserved seat plan opens Tuesday, August 20, 10 a.m., at Burns' Ticket Office, 77 Yonge Street.

## The Rosseau Regatta

THE ANNUAL REGATTA AND HOP  
WILL BE HELD ON

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

When some very handsome and valuable prizes will be given for the best boat. In the evening the prizes will be distributed in the "Montith Hall," followed by a grand banquet.

Arrangements have been made for reduced fares on all the Motor and Navigation Company's steamers. The daily excursion steamer will remain until four o'clock p.m., giving visitors a good opportunity of witnessing the sports.

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Service of Cars into the Parks

KING STREET CARS run to Bloor Avenue, close to Victoria Park, every six minutes. Nearly all these cars are open.

Connections are made at Woodbine gate with the Scarborough cars, which run direct to the park every fifteen minutes.

HORN PARK—There is a ten minute service on Carlton and College route, and a ten minute service on College and Yonge, making a direct service of five minutes from Carlton and Yonge into the park.

Special cars may be chartered for school or church parties.

School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

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- into any key by a simple
- lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

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### Social and Personal.

The Misses Bell of Washington came on Thursday to visit Miss Gunther.

Miss McVitty of Holley, N. Y., is visiting friends in the city.

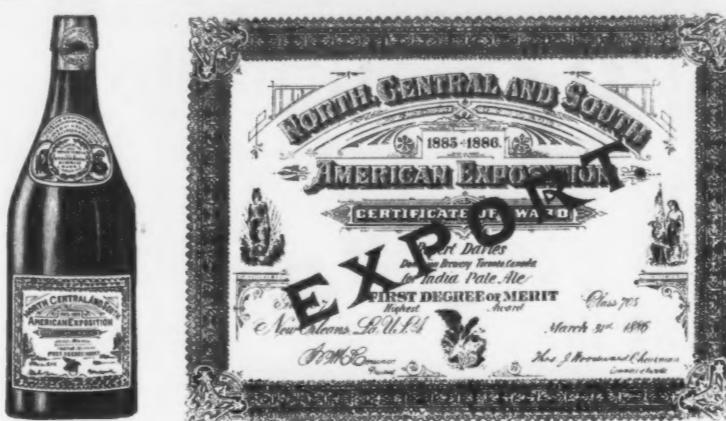
Miss Maud Beach is in town again visiting Mrs. Wallace at 22 Maitland street, and intends staying here until the middle of September.

Among those who formed a jolly party on board the *Eurydice* on her trip to Montreal, which ended all too soon, on Wednesday evening last, were: Mr. and Mrs. Presbo, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. A. H. Howarth, Miss Mabel Howarth, Mrs. Bachand, Mrs. McClair, Mr. H. L. Jordan, Mr. J. E. Service, Mr. Wm. Griffith, Rev. Wm. Boddy, Mr. J. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Louden, Mr. A. Fisher, Mr. B. Forbes, Mr. R. Newell, Mr. T. Atkinson, Miss Gendron, Mr. T. Walker, Mrs. Beam, Mr. Percy Beam, Miss Cosgrave, Mrs. Gloster, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Ray, Mr. Morris, Captain McSherry, Mr. F. R. James, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Herbert Chestnut (Allan Douglas Brode) of Toronto; Mr. H. D. King of Montreal; Miss Hutchison, Miss Gadsby, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, and Mr. Percy Nelson of St. Catharines; Mrs. James Deary of Dundas; Mr. and Mrs. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson of Richmond Hill, Mr. F. Robson of Oshawa, Miss Ray Crawford, Miss Blach, Miss Belle Riach of Hamilton, Miss Archer of Galveston, Texas, Mr. A. Lambert of Oshawa, Mrs. Parse, Miss Hallie Shinn, Miss May Shinn of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. When nearing Toronto an address was presented to Captain Jackson, thanking him for his uniform courtesy and the skilful manner in which he carried his passengers over six hundred miles without a single hitch to mar the general enjoyment. To Mr. H. W. Van Every, under whose auspices the excursion was run, and Mr. J. H. Sylvester, the able purser, much of the success of the trip is due, as they were at all times unremitting in their endeavor to make the passengers as comfortable as possible and perfectly at home with the boat and each other.

The new arrivals at the Peninsular Park Hotel are: Mrs. O'Donovan of Peterboro', Mrs. Warren and the Misses Ranson of Cincinnati, Mr. J. W. Bruce of Detroit, Mrs. Fred Nation of Brandon, Mr. M. M. Levy of Galveston, and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Waters of Dallas. A progressive euchre party was held in the drawing rooms of the hotel on Thursday evening of last week. The successful competitors were: Mrs. Alfred Wright of Toronto, Miss Gilmour of Montreal, Mr. A. Hillyard Birmingham and Mr. Percy Staverson. Refreshments were served and an impromptu dance ended a most enjoyable evening.

The following are registered at the Stratton House, Port Carling: Messrs. Fred Mann, E. Harley, M. Hilliker of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Munro of Pittsburgh, Messrs. Parton and Blackwood of New York, Mrs. Dawson and Miss Kendall of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Harley of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gatis of Cleveland, Judge and Mrs. McGibbons of Melton, Miss S. L. Taylor of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Mann of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Lyes of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. George Spence of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watt of Brantford, Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt, Miss Mabel Watts of Cincinnati, Mr. A. W. Allen of Toronto, Rev. George and Mrs. Sutherland of Fingal, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross of Pittsburgh, and Captain Fraser of Liverpool. Boating and excursion parties during the day and evening parties and dances help to make life pleasant for those who make the Stratton their headquarters.

The following are among the arrivals at Grimsby Park during the past week: Rev. G. and Mrs. Richardson of Mount Forest, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clark of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore of St. Catharines, Mr. J. F. Atkinson of Toronto, Mrs. W. W. Foster of Guelph, Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Kennedy, Rev. S. W. Murworthy, Mrs. W. C. Watson, Mr. J. H. Moore, Mrs. Charles D. Johnston of London, Miss Nina V. Eastman of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Waterhouse, Rev. R. H. Cathcart, Mrs. Warden, Mrs. G. E. Bradshaw, Miss M. J. Riddell and Miss M. E. Riddell of Toronto, Mr. Charles Moore of Hamilton, Mr. Alfred H. C. Dillie of Detroit, Mr. A. E. Griffith of Walkerville, Miss Annie Bowerbank, Mr. W. C. Wilkinson of Toronto, Mrs. Crawford of London, Mr. E. Coatsworth, Jr., M.P., Mr. Walter Duffett of Toronto, Mr. P. K. Moore, Mr. W. A. Kerr of Hamilton, Rev. G. H. Cabbledick of Brussels, Mrs. I. Simpson, Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Wright of Brantford, Rev. Joseph Phelps of Ridgeway, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Clarke of Brantford, Miss Kennedy of St. Catharines, Miss Minnie Bowron, Miss A. E. Sorm, Miss P. Bowden and Miss E. Hillcock of Toronto, Rev. F. S. and Miss Parkhurst of Rochester, Miss Marshall of Philadelphia, Mr. H. and Mrs. Jackman of Toronto.



## Hot Air Furnaces



### Niagara-on-the-Lake

The following registered at the Queen's Royal last week: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. W. D. Thompson, Mr. R. Kingsmill, Mr. A. Baines, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss McTavish, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Fred Winnett, Miss Morrison, Mr. N. W. Wells, Mr. D. B. Dick, Mr. C. V. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Drynan, Mr. Noel Marshall, Mr. Fred Worts of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Crosswhite, Mr. A. S. Gawk, Mr. J. Johnston, Mr. H. Williams, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Abbott, Mr. W. H. Kistline, Mrs. F. and Miss Prew, Miss Warin, Mrs. and Miss Colle, Mr. A. Nicol, Mrs. Rogers of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Porter of Jordan, Mr. B. Van Horne, Mrs. Van Horne, Mrs. and Miss Pearson, Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Veden of Niagara Falls, Mr. J. F. Allen, Mr. A. E. Hedges of Buffalo, Mr. R. A. Lucas, Mr. R. A. Gunn, Mr. A. Ambrose, Mr. H. T. Bunbury of the Hamilton yacht, Zelma; Mrs. and Miss Hernandz of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Marbott of Pittsburgh, Mr. T. K. Thompson of Stamford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilke of Galt, Archdeacon Hutton of Niagara Falls, Mr. N. Wells of Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Benson of Buffalo, Miss Cummings of Toledo, Miss Jordan of Boston, Mr. H. Powers of Youngstown, Mr. W. A. Wilson of Toronto, Mr. K. Wick of Youngstown.

Miss McIntyre of Toronto and Miss A. Paffard of New York are stopping with Mrs. W. Paffard.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's was a very jolly one. Among the many present were:

Mrs. Thompson, Mr. C. and Miss Edith Heward, Miss Lucy, Mrs. Bielstein, Miss Henderson, Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Ransom, the Misses Ince, Miss Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Gaddes, Mr. F. Geddes, Mr. Bouth, the Misses Stewart, Mr. Pierce, Miss Hernandz, Mrs. Harman, Mr. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, Miss Strathy, Mr. Mee, Mr. Scott Griffin, Miss M. Brown, Mrs. Oaslow, Miss Hewgill, Mrs. J. C. Garrett, Miss Pierce, Mr. S. S. Small, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Brock, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. George Brownell.

The Cotillion at the Queen's on Thursday of last week was very pleasant. Mr. Scott Griffin and Miss Brown proved themselves most efficient leaders. A delicious little supper was served at eleven, after which dancing was continued until about twelve.

There is nothing like stepping a little out of the beaten track and introducing something novel. A number of little ones from Fort Niagara and vicinity arrived at Paradise Grove for an afternoon's fun on Tuesday, and announced themselves to be "a water melon party."

Everyone wants to know who is the pretty little girl from Queenston who so often attends the Saturday evening hops; and is called Trilly. She is very petite, very pretty, and very popular, with large dark eyes, dark wavy hair, done neither high nor low, and dances very well.

Invitations are out for a large dance at Hotel Chautauqua on August 17. It promises to be one of the pleasantest affairs of the season.

### Some Circus Pointers.

As I purchased my ticket to go into the circus which was exhibiting in a town at the foot of Cumberland range, a little old woman who wore a poke bonnet and was without shoes or stockings beckoned me aside and said:

"Look yere, stranger. I've walked ten miles to see this yere circus."

"Yes."

"I reckoned to git in fur two bits, but I can't do it. The price is fo' bits and they won't abate. Do yo' know any of the sarcus folks?"

"No, I don't."

"If yo' did they might abate. I kin do some

sarcus tricks myself, and mebbe they'd let me in free. Cum out yere and see me flop a summersault, as they calls it."

"Really, ma'am, I haven't time."

"Wall, then, give me room and see me turn a cart-wheel. I kin do it as slick as any man yo' ever seed."

"Yes, I presume so, but I can't spare the time."

"I've walked the top-rail of a fence fur half a mile without fallin' off," she continued, "and I believe I could walk a rope. Git outen the way and I'll show yo' a handspring as good as yo' ever saw."

"Please don't, ma'am. If you want to go into the circus—"

"Yo' kin hoot that I want to go into the sarcus!" she interrupted. "That's what I'm vere fur. Whenever a sarcus comes along I git that if I kin and ketch on to all the new flip-flops. The ole man is sick and couldn't cum, but I promised him to hev a good look at the hyenas and tell him all ab' 'em. As fur me, I'm bound and determined to ride that trick mewl twice around the ring or perish in the attempt. What was yo' goin' to say?"

"I was going to say that I'd pay the other two bits and take you with me."

"Wouldn't yo' do that fur a pore ole woman who hain't seen a sarcus fur two yare?" she anxiouly said.

"Of course."

I got her a ticket and we passed in together, and at her request I hunted up the cage of hyenas the first thing. She stood and looked at them for five minutes before saying:

"Wall, I don't see whar the purtiness comes in, but the ole man is crazy 'bout hyenas. Now for the sarcus."

We sat down together and she took great interest in and vigorously applauded everyfeat. By and by, when the trick mewl was brought in and the usual announcement was made, she sprang up and was at the ring-side before anyone else could move. Everybody laughed, and the ringmaster was confused. He finally had to tell her that all women were barred out, and when she persisted a couple of employees led her back to her seat. She came back flushed and angry, and when I attempted to console her she said:

"That's the way of it all over—the wimin folks hain't got no rights and can't git 'em. I could hev rit that mewl to his grave and not been throwed off, and that's what they was afraid of. Ar' thar any camp-bells with this show?"

"You mean camels. Yes, there are four or five in the other tent."

"Then I'll ride a camp-bell and behanged to 'em. I hain't goin' hum without doin' sunthin' to brax of."

She slipped away, and when we filed out after the performance she was sitting between the two humps of a half-asleep dromedary and saying to the man who wanted her to come off:

"You go to ballyhaw! I cum to this sarcus to git a pinter or two, and if yo' git me off'n this campbell I'll ride yer ole rhinoceros around till he draps dead!"

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